

A PLEASANT
COMEDIE.

Entituled

HEY FOR HONESTY,
DOWN WITH KNAVERY.

Translated out of
Aristophanes his *Plutus*,
By THO: RANDOLPH.

Augmented and Published by F. J.

*Dives Fabula sum satis Superque
At Pauper satis & super Poeta.*



London, Printed in the Year 1651.

A PLEASANT COMEDIE

IN FIVE ACTS
BY JOHN R. HOSKINS



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TO THE
Truly Vertuous and Accomplisht Gent.

Sho. Triplot.

The Publisher of this COMEDY wisheth
Health and Happinesse everlasting.

Noble Gent.

I was the happinesse of my starres, to have known you long ago, as the very Eye of our Garden of England; all which both admire and love you: And it is the height of my ambition, to salute your hands, that love Honesty, with the Comedical advancement of Honesty. I am confident, what Aristophanes and his Translator have pencill'd in this kind, you love to own, though drawn out in a weak Sciography. But you had rather see it performed in mens lives, then personated on the Stage; rather represented in action, then acted in speculative representations. I crave your courteous Patronage, sufficient Panoply even against Envy it self. I prostrate it to your judicious Test (at vacant houres) to approve of, and of my self too, who am

Your humble Servant
and Admirer,

F. J.

The Preface to the Reader.

READER,

THis is a pleasant Comedy, though some may judge it Satyrical: 'Tis the more like *Aristophanes* the Father: be- sides, if it be biting, 'tis a biting Age we live in; Then biting for biting. Again, *Tom Randal*, the Adopted Sonne of *Ben. Johnson*, being the Translator hereof, followed his Fathers steps; They both of them loved Sack, and harmlesse Mirth, and here they shew it; and I (that know my self) am not a- verse from it neither. This I thought good to acquaint thee with. Farewell.

Thine, F. I.

To

To his worthy Friend, F. J.

On the setting forth of this excellent
COMEDY.

TO joyn things so divided in this Age,
Shews thy rare master-piece of Wit right sage.
Out of th' Athenian-Sea to draw it forth,
Commends not only learned skill, but worth.
I mean both Honesty and Wealth: so rare
Do these two Planets in Conjunction share
Of one mans breast: Their divers Aspects shine
Maligne (like Saturn) in Sextile or Trine,
To each ingenuous soule. I know, our Nation
Would faine obscure this luminous Constellation:
But thou hast rescued it and set it free,
In the bright Orb of Ingenuitie.
Go on brave soule! let each Heroick spirit
Know 'tis allied to Riches as by merit.
Vindicate them: while Muck-worm-minded men
Feel the sharp dint of thy incensed Pen.
Doom them to Dunghils; and thy potent scorn
Not lend them hose to put on head or horn!

G. P.

THE

The Argument or Subject of the Comedy.

Chremylus an honest decayed Gentleman, willing to become rich, repaireth to the Oracle of *Apollo* to enquire how he might compass his designe: The Oracle enjoineth him to follow that man whom he first met with, and never part from his company. The man he met is the old blind *God of wealth* disguised. After this, *Chremylus* calleth his poor (but honest) Neighbours to partake of his happinesse. The honest party rejoyce at the news; Rascals only and vicious persons are discontented. *Plutus* is led to the Temple of *Esculapius*, by whose art and help he recovereth his eye-sight. At this Knaves are even mad, they exult and complain exceedingly. Likewise the Goddess *Poverty*, that sometime had great power in the Land, complaineth that her scepter is almost broken to peeces; thereupon the rascallish wars, but is routed; the also is vanquished in disputation of the necessity of *Poverty*. Knaves again salute *weeping-crosse*, as well as *Pennycuise-bunch*. Nay, the *Pope* himself is even starved. Lastly, to venter all more, the *God of wealth* is introduced married to *Honesty*.

The Actors Names. Scene, London.

Plutus, the *God wealth*.
Chremylus, an honest decayed Gentleman.
Carion his servant.
Blephidemus, Friend to *Chremylus*.

Scrape-all.
Stiffe.
Clodpole.
Lackland.
 } *Four Country Swains.*

Dull-pate, Sonne to *Scrape-all*.
Chremyla wife to *Chremylus*.
Honesty, Daughter to a *Scrivener*.
Clip-latine, a poor Curate.
Dicæus, a rich Parson.
Penia-pennileffe, Goddess of *Poverty*.

Caradoock.
Brun.
Higgen.
Termoole.
 } *Soldiers.*

Mestarius, *God of Theft*.
Gogle, an *Amsterdam-man*.
Never-good, a *Sequester*.
Japhers Pica, the *Pope*.
Boy, servant to *Gogle*.
Neanias, a young Gallant.
Anus, an Old woman.
Aristophanes, the *Poet*.
Translator, T. R.
A crew of Tinkers, &c.
Ghost of Cleon.

Hey for Honesty, down with Knavery.

Act. 1. Scen. 1.

Enter Rhum Humbling on the Stage, after him Chremylus and Carion.

Carion.



Bonny Jove, and the rest of the boon gods that dwell in the Tipling-house of Olympus! There be mortals & hard things in the world, but nothing so hard as to be bound Prentise in *Bedlam*, and have a Fool to ones Master: my very Livery is faced with his Vvorships foolery. Our condition is miserable; for if our Masters but dine at the Ordinary of mischief, the poore Serving-man is sure to be fed with the scraps of misfortune: We must share of our Masters misery, we are but Tenants, they will not let us be Freeholders to the petty Lordships of our own corpulent Fortune; damnable Fortune! how fatally hast thou sold the tenure of us, to him that will pay us our wages! 'Tis very true that I tell you: And now see the perverse effects of all. O how I could cuff *Apil-lo*! I have a quarrel to *Apil-lo*, that wryld, ridling, filling god, that snorts out Oracles from his guided brundler. They say, this same Gaffer *Phibis* is a good Mountebank, and an excellent Musitian; but a deuse on him, it does not seem so, he has sent my Master home so sick of Melancholy, that I dare

swear, this scurvy *Tom Piper* of *Delphos* did not play him so much as one fit of mirth, not a jig or Sellengers-round. And now see how he follows a blind Puppy i' th' taile, contrary to Law or Reason: For we that have our eyes should lead, not follow the blind. The very Dog in the Chronicles, that had his eyes, stood upon his royal Prerogative, of going before the blinde Beggar of *Bednal-green*. Nor can he be content to doe it himself, but he must make me too guilty of the same ignorance. If I but ask him a question, he hath not so much manners as my *Graham*: Sow; I cannot get him to grunt me an answer: yet I cannot choose but speak, though my hedge of Teeth were a Quick-set, my tongue would through. You sir, that say you are my Master, if you doe not tell me why we follow this blundering guide, be sure, I will never leave vexing and tormenting you: you shall tell me, that you shall.

Chm. O the Age we live in! Sirra, quintessence of impudence! To what a fine passe are you arrived?

Car. Nay 'tis e'en so Sir: Your sword and buckler man must take the wit upon him for once.

Chm. But if you do not learn your distance better; look, is not here a Crabtree-Codgers

B

beware

beware of weeping-Crosse.

Car. Master, I am privileg'd: Do you see my Feather? so long as I wear this, 'tis Shrove-tuesday with us Precisers, perpetual Shrove-tuesday.

Chr. But if I take off your Feather, then we shall have you presently cast-fair, and then my Crabtree Tutor here may read a Lecture of Ethics to your saucy Shoulders.

Car. Why, and if it do sir, you shall finde that I have as valiant Shoulders as another man. Come exercise your cudgel: You Masters are like Roman Magistrates, you have Rods of authority; yet try, see whether you or I will be first weary. Come you Trifle, all the Cudgels in Christendome, Kent, or New-England, shall never make me quies, till you shew me who this is we follow. Why, sweet-honey, sugar-cinnamon, delicate Master, if I did not wish you well, do you think I would be so inquisitive? In dud la you must tell me, and I shall be satisfied.

Chr. Well, I have not the power to conceal thee any longer for of all my servants, thou art so trusty, true-hearted, faithful and honest, that I dare swear there is not an arrantier thief amongst 'um.

Car. Now heaven blese your Worship: I have alwayes had your Worships commendations, pray Jove I may deserve it! Proceed good Sir.

Chr. Well, thus it is: In the dayes of my folly, I was a just, precise, and honest man.

Car. 'Twas in the dayes of your folly you were a Precisan, I my self was almost half a one once, but I am converted.

Chr. VVell, being honest, I was by natural consequence very poor.

Car. VVho knew not that? Though I know not what your honesty was; yet I am sure there is never a gu in my belly but may swear for your poverty. Nay, and you had no more wit then to be honest in this wise age, 'twere pity but you should live and dye a beggar.

Chr. But others, such as your demure Cheaters,

Car. That have the true gogle of Amsterdam;

Chr. VVith some corrupted Law-gowns, Pious Pupils.

Car. That can plead on both sides for Fees;

Chr. With Round-headed Citizens, and Cuckolds,

Car. I Sir, and Townsmen.

Chr. These, I say, grew rich the while.

Car. Damnable, rich. Faith, master, such miracles have not ceased in these dayes: I have known many in these times have grown rich out of a poor estate, the devil knows how not I.

Chr. Therefore I repaired to Delphos to ask counsel of Apollo, because I saw my self almost arrived at Gerasend, to know if I should bring up my son suitable to the thriving trades of this age we live in, viz. to be a Sequestator, or Pettifogger, or Informer, or Flatterer, or belonging to Knights o'th Post, or a Commissee-man, Clark, or some such excellent calling, clothing himself from top to toe in knavery, without a wch or guard of goodnesse about him. For I see, as the times go now, such thriving education will be the richest position I can leave him.

Car. I Sir, leave him your Sonne the legacie of Dishonesty, and I will warrant him he shall out-thrive all VVestminster-Hall, and all—

To your demand what did Don Phetibus mutter?

VVhat answer through his Laurel-garland flatter?

Chr. You shall heare. He bid me in plain terms, whomsoever I first met withall, him I should follow, and never leave his company till he came home.

Car. And was this peece of darknesse the first you met with? Now in my conscience he was begot at midnight, Goodman Midnight, and retains the quality of the season. None to meet but Blind-man-buffe, that winks at all faults!

Chr. This is the very man.

Car. Troth and he may tell you your fortune, Gypsie-like, and all out of your pockets too; He may shew you your destiny: He looks like one of the blind whelps of my old Lady Chance. Ha, ha, ha! Master, though you be born to lands, I see a poor Serving-man may have as large inheritance of wit as a Justice

a Justice of Peace. VVhy, and I please your
Ignorance, any man of brains might easily
 understand the Gods meaning : why, he bids
 you bring up your sonne to claim the grand
 Charter of the City, viz. to be as arrant a
 Knave as his Countrymen. For truly,

*A blind man may see, though he never see
 more,*

*That the way to be honest, is the way to be
 poor.*

Chr. The Oracle doth not tend that way;
 there is some greater mysterie in it, if this
 old *Cupid* would but tell us who he is. Come
 let's follow him close, perchance we may
 find out some other meaning.

Car. On other meaning perchance we may
 pitch.

*This is the way to be weany, though not to
 be rich.*

Musick. Exeunt ambo.

Act. I. Scen. 2.

Enter Chremylus, Carion.

Car. Master, we have run a terrible long
 wild-goose chase after this blind Beetle : for
 my part I sweat every inch of me, one drop
 fetches another. As for my shoes, you must
 needs give me a new paire. Their ungodly
 souls are e'en ready to depart, they are giving
 up the ghost : And yet we walk like the em-
 blem of silence ; we have not put our blind
 Gentleman-Whither to any interrogatories.
 You sir, *Homer* the second ! first I command
 you in fair terms tell us who you are : if com-
 mands will not serve the turn, my cudgel
 shall inureat you.

Chr. You were best tell us quickly too.

Plu. I tell you, the Devil take you.

Car. Do you hear what he sayes, master ?
 The good old Gentleman bids your Worship
 good morning.

Chr. He speaks to thee that ask him so
 clownishly. Sir, if you like the behaviour of
 a civil Gentleman, do me in courtesie the
 favour as to tell me who you are.

Plu. Why, all the Devils in hell, and as

many more confound thee too.

Car. Nay, nay, take him to you, master :
 keep your *Apollo's* Oracle to your self ; I
 have no share in it.

Chr. Now if thou doest not tell me, by
Ceres I will use thee like a Villain as thou
 art.

Plu. Good Gentlemen let me be behold-
 ing to you for one infinite favour.

Chr. What's that ?

Plu. Why, to let me be rid of your com-
 pany.

Car. Master, be ruled by a wiser man then
 your self, for once, and follow my counsell :
 Let us take this same old *Appius*, that has
 lost the use of his natural spectacles, and
 carry him to the top of the castle-hill, and
 there leave him to tumble down and break
 his neck ere he come to the bottome.

Chr. Let it be quickly then.

Car. I, and then we'll leave him to be
 hanged the next Assizes, for being accessory
 to his own death.

Plu. Nay, good merciful Gentlemen !

Car. Will you tell us then, you Owls ?

Chr. Your Bird of the Night, will you
 tell us ?

Plu. I will never tell you : for if you but
 once know who I am, ten thousand to one
 but you will do me some mischief, you will
 never let me go.

Chr. By heaven we will, if you please.

Plu. List then and give ear : for, as far
 as I can see, being blind, I am constrained
 to tell what I thought to have concealed. I
 am *Plutus* the rich God of wealth : my fa-
 ther was *Pinchback True-penny*, the rich
 Usurer of *Islington* ; my mother, Mrs. *Silver-
 side*, an Aldermans widow : I was born in
Golden-Lane, christened at the *Mint* in the
Tower ; *Banks* the Conjuror, and old *Hobson*
 the Carrier were my godfathers.

Car. As sure as can be, this *Plutus* God
 of wealth is a pure *Wells-man*, born with his
 pedigree in his mouth, he speaks it so nati-
 rally. He lay my life he was begot and bred
 in the Silver-mine that *Middleton* found in
Wales.

Chr. Thou hadst bin a very Rascal, if thou
 hadst

had it not told us thy name had been *Plutus* the God of wealth.

Car. God of wealth! art thou he? O let me kisse thy silver-jolls!

Chr. Thou art welcome to me too. But art thou *Plutus* God of wealth; and so miserably arrayed! O *Phabus*, *Apollo*, O gods and devils, and *Jupiter* to boot! Art thou *Plutus* the rich sonne and heire to *Pinch-back Truc-penny*!

Plu. I am he my self.

Car. But art thou sure that thou thy self art thy self? art thou he?

Plu. I am the self-same *Plutus Rich*, the self-same sonne and heire to the self-same *Pinch-back Truc-penny*: marry till my eyes are open, I shall never be heire apparent.

Chr. I, but how camest thou so miserable nasty?

Plu. Forth from *Patroclus* den, from Hell at *Westminster*; conversing with some Black ones there, whose faces since their baptism hath not been washed.

Chr. And why goest thou so lamentably poor?

Plu. *Jupiter* envying the good of miserable mortals, put me poor soul into these dismal dumps.

Chr. Upon what occasion, pray thee.

Plu. He tell you, In the minority of my youthful dayes I took a humour, an ingenious humour, To see the company of Rogues and Rascals, And unto honest men betake my self.

Jupiter spying this (meer out of envy) Put out my eye-sight, that I might not know Knaves from the honest, but to them might

(go.

Chr. Was this from *Love*? why none but honest men,

Honour his deity.

Plu. Why what of that? this heathen god accepts

As well the Pilgrim-salve of wicked men,

As the religious incense of the honest.

Thus does the Letcherous god, that hath already

Cuckoldr'd half the world, and plac'd his bastards

By mortals fires, envy virtuous minds.

Chr. To leave off verifying, if thou hadst thy eye-sight,

VVouldst thou be true to flie from vicious persons?

Plu. I, I protest I would.

Chr. And wholly employ thy eyes to pious uses.

To go to th' company of honest and ingenious souls.

Plu. Onely to them; for I have not seen so much as one of them this many a day.

Car. VVhy, what if you have not, you blinde Puppy-dog? VVhat a wonder's that? VVhy, I that have as good Eyes as any man i'th' company, can hardly finde many: They have more wit now a dayes then go abroad openly. Verrue by that means would become too cheap and common. I remember, I saw one once, but he died young for grief, that he had not wit enough to be a Knave; every one laugh at him for being out of Fashion.

Had he lived till now, I would h' showed him at *Fleet-bridge* for a Monster. I should have begger'd the *Beginning* o'th' world; The strange Birds from *America*, and the *Poppets* too. I would have blown a Trumpet *Taranara*, If any man or woman in Town or City be affected with strange miracles, let them repair hither. Here within this place is to be seen a strange Monster; A man that hath both his Ears, and but one Tongue; that cannot carry two Faces under one hood; that has but one couple of Hands, and on each Hand five honest Fingers. And what is more strange, he has but one Heart; who dares, as if he were none of *Adams* Posterity, be honest at this time o'th' year; and will give every man his due in spite of his teeth.

Is not this as rare as a Blazing Star to look on?

Plu. VVell, now you have heard all; pray give me leave to be gone.

Chr. Not so by *Love*; for now we have a greater desire to stay you then ever.

Plu. I told you so, I thought you would be troublesome.

Chr. Nay, I beseech you leave us not now; for though you should take *Diogenes* his Lan-

thorn

horn and Candle and search from Noon to Night, you could not finde an honest man from the Tropick of Cancer to Capricorn.

Car. Sir, I will swear and be depos'd for my Master; he is as arrant a Cancer as any Capricorn in Christendom.

Plut. I know they all promise fair, but when they have once got me, they lay aside their thred-bare honesty; as if being grown rich, it were a disparagement to be veruous any longer.

Car. Yet all men are not knaves.

Plut. Yes most, if not all, by *Jove*.

Car. Pray Sir, though you put my Master in, let me me be excepted. Body of me, call me knave in a crowd! If I be not reveng'd, and that soundly— You were best take heed of your general Rules. Could not you have said (you blind Buffard) for ought I can see you may be one among the rest; but to speak it so peremptorily?

Chr. Nay, if you but knew what you should gain by staying! Mark me, I can cure thee of thy blindness: I can do as great miracles as *Enchan* waters.

Plut. Truly, as blinde as I am, I can see when I am well. Have my eyesight restored? I hope, I shall never live to see that day.

Chr. VVhat says the man?

Car. He has a natural desire to be wretched, To play at blindman-buff all his life time. Good *Mole*, what dost thou above ground?

Plut. No, no, if *Jupiter* did but know of this project, he would powder me into a pretty pickle.

Chr. Heare me man, he cannot sewe thee worse then he has already, to make thee run stumbling o're the world; I warrant, thy ships have curst him a thousand times.

Plut. I know not that, but me thinks my buttocks begin to quake with very thought of him.

Chr. I think so; but what the Devil makes thee so timerous? I know if thou shouldst but recover thy ey-sight, thou wouldest not value *Jupiters* command at three half pence, but break winde in his face to counter-thunder him.

Plut. Nay, do not tell me so good *VVickedness*.

Chr. Have but patience, and I will plainly demonstrate that thy Command is greater then any *Nubieog Jupiters*;

Plut. VVhose? mine? Am I such a mar, so powerfull?

Chr. I tho, if thou hadst but wit and eyes enough to see it; for first, I ask you what does *Jupiter* reign by?

Plut. VVhy, by that which he rained into *Dana's* lap, a shower of silver.

Chr. And who lent him that silver?

Car. VVhy, who but *Plutus*; and yet the beggerly *Iove* payes him no Use nor Principal: VVell *Jupiter*, we shall have *Plutus* lodge you in *Ludgate* shortly, to take up your Shop, and make your thunder-bolts there, and cry lamentably, *For the Lords sake, Bread, Bread for the poore Prisoners*; unlesse you can mortgage the golden or silver Age to give better security to your Creditour.

Chr. Ask, why do men sacrifice to *Iove*, if not for Silver?

Car. By heaven; for Silver. No penny; no *Pater-noster*, quoth the Pope. Does good-man *Jupiter* think we'll pray, to wear out our Stockings at knees for nothing?

No, of all prayers, this is the result,

Iove make me rich, or pray *quicunque vult*.

Chr. Is not *Plutus* then the Author of grand sacrifices? where would the Directory lie, if it were not for the new Act of the Priests maintenance? Nay, if we were to sacrifice a Bull or Ram, do you think the Butcher would give it to the god for nothing? No, no, if *Plutus* should not purchase devotion with his coyn, the *Olympian* Kitchen would smel of nothing but Lent and Fasting-days all the year after.

Plut. VVhy, I pray, may I put *Jupiter* out of Commons when I please?

Chr. May you? I marry may you. Does it not thou maintain him? He lives at thy charges. *Jupiter* had not best anger thee, lest thou take an opinion and starve him.

Plut. Say you so? Is it by my courtesie they sacrifice to *Iove*?

Chr.

Chr. Yes, altogether: for whom is he honored by?

Plut. By reverend Priests.

Chr. And dost thou think the Levitical men would not disband, if there were want of pay, or Tithes? It is most certain, money is the Catholick Empresse of the world; her commands are obey'd from *Spain* to the *Indies*.

Car. 'Tis true Master, had I been rich (But I curse my Stars, I was born under the three-penny Planet, never to be worth a groat) I should have scorn'd the degree of Sword and Buckler; but now for a little silver and a thred-bare Livery, I have sold the Fee-simple of my self and my liberty, to any worshipfull peece of folly that will undertake me.

Chr. I have heard your Gentilizians, your dainty *Cortezana's*, in plain English, your arrant VVhores of *Venice*, such as are ready stew'd for any mans appetite: if a poor man desire to sin a little, they presently sit crosse-leg'd; but if a rich man tempt them, at the sound of his Silver they cannot hold their water. VVhy, the VVhore of *Pitt-baich*, *Tumbull*, or the unmercifull Baywds of *Bloomsbury*, under the degree of *Plutus*, will not let a man be acquainted with the sins of the Suburbs. The Pox is not so cheap as to be given gratis; The unconscionable Queens have not so much charity left as to let you damn your selves for nothing.

Car. 'Tis very true that my Master tells you: For *Plutarch* reports in the life and death of *Besse Braghton*, that she never unbowed to any of the guard for nothing.

Chr. But you may think this is spoken only of bad men, such as have prostituted their souls to the world; As for good *Round*—they desire not money, no good souls nor they.

Car. VVhat then I pray?

Chr. VVhy, this wishes for a good Trooping horse; that, for a fleet pack of Hounds.

Car. I, when they are ashamed to ask money in plain terms, they veil their avarice under some such mask or other: but he that wishes for a Horse, makes silver the intent of his journey; and they that beg for Hounds, 'tis money they hunt for.

Chr. All Arts and Crafts 'mongst men were by thee invented. I, and the seven Sciences (but for thee) they could never have been so liberal.

Plut. O horse that I was, never to know my own strength till now!

Chr. 'Tis this that makes great *Philip* of *Spain* so proud.

Car. VVithout thee (*Plutus*) the Lawyer would not go to *London* on any Terms.

Chr. All the Generals, *Hopton* and *Mastros*, are by thee maintained: 'Troth, all the Troopers or Foot-men without thee would never be contented with free-quarter onely, there must come Taxes, Contributions and Excise to boot.

Did not *Will Summers* break his wind for thee?

And *Shakespeare* therefore writ his Comedy?

All things acknowledge thy vast power divine,
(Great God of Money) whose most powerful shine

Gives motion, life; Day rises from thy sight.
Thy setting, though at noon, makes night.
Sole catholick cause of what we teel or see,
All in this All are but th' effects of thee.

Plut. O heavens! can I do all these things you talk of? Ill tide this wretched blindness of mine, that would never let me see what Command or Power I had; All; the world for a pair of Eys and a Looking-glass! Sure now the *Delphian* gate and I have good wits: for we jumpt together in this opinion, that it is an excellent thing for a man to know himself: I shall love a *Nosce teipsum* as long as I live for this trick. Can I doe all these things?

Chr. All these? I by heaven canst thou, and millions more then these. VVhy there was never any man weary of thy company (O god of wealth) Thou art a welcome guest where ere thou comest. There is plenty of all things: Plenty of Love.

Car. And plenty of VVhite-bread and Butter.

Chr. Plenty of Honour.

Car. And plenty of Cheese-cakes.

Chr. Plenty of Friends.

Car.

Car. And plenty of Bag-puddings.

Chr. Plenty of Servants.

Car. And plenty of Furmenty.

Chr. Plenty of Health.

Car. And plenty of Custards.

Chr. Plenty of Command.

Car. And plenty of Pease-porridge.

Chr. Never any man has enough of thee.

If he can change a Groat, yet he despairs of a Bed till he can get a Tester. Then he procures a full Jury of pence to be empannell'd for the finding out of a Shilling. That done, the ambitious Niggard will fain usurp a Crown, which must be made a Noble one; And that is never safe, till it have a good Angel to guard it. All this obtain'd, he cannot without a Mark be reckoned a man of notice: Nor has he a patch of a Gentleman, till he be worth a Pecee.

Car. The good old Gentleman thinks he has jested all this while handsome grave gray-pated quiblets. Good heaven, what pretty things these wits are, when they are out of date!

Chr. When the Purse is full, the Pouch gapes; and when the Pouch hath his belly full, the great Chest yawns wide enough to swallow *Medicines*, and *Goldsmiths-Hall*, and the Devil to boot; and yet when all is done, they think themselves as poor as *Irus*, whose estates do not our value *Doomsday-book*.

Plut. You say true, Sir: yet methinks I am afraid of one thing.

Chr. VVhat is that?

Plut. That I shall never attain to that *Eutopia* you speak of, 'tis a country so hard to conquer; Castles in the aire are very impregnable.

Chr. Sir, upon my word, let not that trouble you: Do your endeavour, and I'll warrant you shall see as perfectly as any *Lycius* in Christendome.

Plu. Then *Lycius*! what was he?

Chr. One that could see the very notes in the sun, and the least things in the world.

Plu. Fears see the least in the world already, I thank you for nothing: I can see less than any *Lycius* living. But how canst

thou, poor mortal worm, take off the sequestration of my eye-sight, and restore me to perfect seeing again?

Chr. Do not doubt it; For thy delinquent Eyes

Shall be admitted to compound, and set most perfectly.

Be of good hope: the Delphian god hath sworn,

And therewithall brandish'd his Pythian Lawrel,

That *Plutus* should our look the starres to blindnesse.

Plut. Ha, ha, ha! How does he know so much? I never was acquainted with that same *Apollo* in my life. I remember I have been foxt at his Oracle at Temple-bar. I am afraid this *Apollo* is one of your fellow-juglers.

Chr. Canst a man perswade you? have not I said it?

Plut. VVell then, do you look to it.

Car. So we had need, for you cannot your self.

Chr. Take you no care, I will do it though I die to morrow before breakfast.

Car. Marry and that were a miserable thing to go to the grave upon a fasting stomach. Pray master, when you take in hand the cure of *Plutus* his eyes, let poor *Caius* have a finger in it.

Chr. A finger in it! That were the way to put out his eyes.

Car. 'Tis strange, master, you should have no more understanding: my meaning was, you would accept of my help, (good Mr. *Chremylus*.)

Chr. VVell sirrah, we will; and some other fellow-partners too, some of our plundered neighbours that are enjoyed for penance to fast four dayes a week, for having first ited on too much honesty.

Plu. Marry heaven forbid, I shall be ill help up with such miserable helpers as they; the hungry Rascals will go neer to devour me quick like Irish cannibals. No, let me be blind still, that my eyes may never be conscious to the plundering of my flesh & bones in peeces. 'Twere a miserable spectacle for them to begin with.

Chr.

Chr. I warrant, you need not fear that: if they once grow rich, they'll rather feed on Roast-beef and Marrow-bone pyes, like Committee men, then cosen the worms of so lean a carcase. *Sirra Carion*, where be your couple of Footmen?

Car. Here master, what should I do?

Chr. Run and call my honest poor neighbours, you shall find the miserable drudges tugging at the Plough-taile for their Landlords. No, now I think on't, the Excise-men came to day and seacht them away for contribution. Go to them, you know the way to the Office neer Cuckolds-Pound, *London*. Tell them in their eares, that we have *Plusus* at home, and will share him amongst us: we'll divide him into severall messes, and each man take his part by seniority. But stay, do you heare: beware of Knaves, and of Veale.

Car. Veale it seems is not so good. But what shall I do with this Leg of Mutton here? I dare not venture the safety of it amongst 'um; the villains carry dangerous teeth about 'um.

Chr. Wee'll take care for that: meet me at home two houres hence. *Exit Chr.*

Car. O what a plot are we going about! I could laugh for joy.

Now may I forsake my dump,
And bestir my hob-nail'd stump;
Skip about and trisk and jump;
Honest men are turn'd up trump,
I shall find them in a lump.

But every Knaue must have a Trump.

What a plot is this, to blow up all the knaves in a kingdom together, nay in all the world, put in Turks, Jewes, Pagans and Infidels! Why, *Gatesby* and *Petsy* were punies, *Garnet* and *Digby* and *Faux*, if they had gone about such an honest Gun-powder treason as this, they had never had their heads upon poles a Daw-catchling over the Parliament-House. Well, they were hang'd for knaves and fools; but we shall thrive, and be wise and worshipful, and honest too, for *Carion's* a man in the plot.

This is a stratagem was never such,
That honest men alone now should be rich.

That honest men should thrive by right,
not wrong.
London, take heed; for thoult be poor ere long.

Exit Carion.

Act. 1. Scen. 3.

Enter Scrape-all a Farmer, and Dull-pate his sonne.

Scrap. I live at *Islington*, and I have heard *Plusus* is come to *Westminster*: Sure, sure, He'd take it ill if I forbore to visit him, He knows Jam his kinsman: For I was kin to *Punch-back True-penny* His Father, who did live at *Islington*, An Usurer almost next door to me. Most opportunely here he comes, I see. God save you sir! your poor kinsman salutes you.

Plus. Who's this? my eye-sight fails me; what's your name?

Scrap. Scrape-all your kinsman; lives at *Islington*.

Plus. O I remember; are you honest now? I have a humour to love honest men.

Scrap. The Country shjaks so, I'm converted lately:

Dull-pate my son is also here come with me.

Plus. Of what profession is he?

Scrap. A Parson verily.

Plus. What would he have?

Scrap. A Benefice, two or three, As't like your VVorship.

He's a true Scrape-all, of the Scrapealls blood;

True *Dull-pate* Scrape-all, He hath past the Synod.

Plus. O, has he so! I thought to have sent him thither.

I have few Livings left now to bestow. My golden Prebends which I had at *Pauls*, You know are sink ith dust: For other places The best the Synod has 'um. Yet your sonne *Dul-pate*, I know he cannot want preferment, He looks so learnedly, and goes in black too. He may change habits, 'tis allow'd of now.

As the world goes. Is he nor a Tradesman ?
He'd thrive the better, if he can snuff
handfomly.

Was he ever train'd up at the Universities ?
Scrap. Yes out of both ; that is, never of
either.

Plut. However he will be rich. Let him
leap over

The Steeple-houses, and teach in private ;
His vails will be the faster ; Tythes and Cures
He must preach down as Antichristian,
And take as much as both. He has an excel-
lent name,

A driving name ! I think you said 'twas
Dulpate.

Scrap. Yes Sir. Now thank your Patron,
and be gone.

Dulp. *Thankatus & Godamericiatus ve-*
ster dignitatur. Exit *Dulp.*

Scrap. He gives your Worship thanks and
god-a-mercy.

Plut. I have no skill in Physiognomie :
But sure thou wilt be rich, *Dulpate*, & wealthy.

Scrap. Uncle, we thank you: will it please
you know

The entertainment of our poor cottage ?

Plut. No, it is against the complexion of
my humour

To visit any mans house : I never got
Any commodity by it in my life.

For if I chance to light into the clutches
Of some vile Usurer, he buries me

Quick under ground, or keeps me prisoner
closely

In his old Chests, where without sheets I lie,
But his Indentures keep me company.

And if I fall into the prodigal hands
Of some mad roaring *Tythes* *tu*, he spends me

Upon his lecherous Cocatrice ; or playing
Throws me away at passage : So am I turn'd

Stark naked out of doors, with not so much
As a poor Purse to make a Night-cap of.

Scrap. It seems you never met with mo-
derate men.

But this is my disposition : when occasion
Serves, no man more liberal : when oppor-
tunity

Invites, no man more thrifty.

Come, let's go in. O how my wife shall joy

At sight of thee, almost as for a French Hood
Or Taffata Kirtle ! Thou art my best be-
loved.

Plut. I easily believe it.

Scrap. Who would not tell thee

The truth of things, I wish that he were lousy
(Sweet rogue) at *Beggars-bush*, or else confin'd
To the perpetual regiment of *Bridewell*.

Come my dear Uncle, come ! O how I love
The silver-hairs of thy most delicate chin !

Though I be rich by wickedness and sin.

Exeunt ambo.

Finis Actus primi.

Act. 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Carion, Clodpole, Lackland and
Stiffe, 3 *Rusticks.*

Car. Come along you old Hobnails. I'll
have your horses shod with gold of *Ophir* or

Pryn. Ha, you old Muck-worms ! I'll make
your Hog-trough paunches so far, than the

leanest of you all shall out-weigh the Arch-
bishop of *Spalato*. What an Epical roar-

ing Lion am I to lead this army of Asses into
the field ! Come, my masters, old friends,

you that have eat many a bushel of salt, I
would say garlick in his company, Make

haste you Plough-lacquies, *Boats* his kinsmen.
You neighbour *Lackland*, set the best foot

forward. And you Goodman *Clodpole*, old
Snail with a slimy nose, if you make not

haste, they will have done scrambling ere we
come.

Clod. Now by the rood of my Granam's
soul, I'll go as fast as my leggs will beare

me. What would you have of an old man,
that's grown crazy ?

Car. Crazy !

Clod. I, crazy. Do you think a man that
has one foot in the grave can trudge as fast

as such a young knave as thou ? When I
was a stripling of thy age, I could have trickt

it i'vaith, Mr. *Ficar* knowes, with the best of
the Parish.

Lackl. Neighbour, neighbour, I'll tell
you

you what I do devise you now; this is my pinion.

Car. Your pinion, you goose? and what is your pinion?

Lackl. Marry this is my pinion now: This faucey knave may do it to usout us. 'Tis best no command of him what is his masters' con-
tention in sending for us now la.

Car. Why have not I told you? My master sends for you to change this nasty condition of yours into some delicate happinesse. You shall be rich, you Rogues, all of you Justices of Peaces, Lords, Emperors, or what is more, High-Constables.

Clodp. Very well said. But I will be none of his Peaces nor Lords; let me be a High-Constable, I will have a new ysaile as soon as I come to my honours, and thou shalt be next to exceed me in my house-of-Office.

Lackl. I, but neighbours, how shall this be defected? Let him dissolve us of that now, it seems not possietible, so it does not.

Car. Why you Villiagos, my master has brought home an old lame, rotten, mangy, roothlesse, spleesse, bald-pate, rusty mussy crusty fussy dusty old Dosard, just such another as my neighbour *Stiffe* or *Lackland*, or you *Clodpole* with a slimy nose, with a great bunch-back.

Lackl. A bunch-back! Nay then thou art a meszenger of gold. Hah neighbours, that was not a bunch-back, I warrant you la, they were huge bags of gold. That's another pinion of mine, neighbours, what do you jecture in that?

Car. You jecture like an asse: That bunch at his back was but a natural budget of old mischiefs.

Lackl. Do not think to play the Jack-anapes with me for nothing. Have I not here a good cudgel? if thou do, thou shalt be clapper-de-claw'd.

Car. I wonder what you take me for: what dishonesty did you ever know by me?

Clodp. Dishonesty, zay you! None, nor we. 'Tis a very honest Monky: Yet I have zeen him, neighbours, zit in *Bridewell*, when the loving vencers have been close friends to his legs.

Car. Very true; at the same time you were one of the Justices of hell, *Radamanthus* had newly resigned his office to you.

Clodp. Now the murrain founder thee, thou parlous wag, thus to buse thy betters! Sirra, look you deveal unto us why your master hath vited us from our natural occupations.

Car. Prick up your ears then, and I will tell you. My master hath brought home *Plutus* to enrich you all. Thou shalt be Major of the City; canst thou sleep on the Bench? Thou shalt be Baili; hast not thou wit enough to tell clocks? And all the rest of your frozen-bearded Neighbours, understanding Aldermen.

Lackl. Nay so they be Aldermen, 'tis no matter nor understanding; 'tis a beggerly quality vic for none but poor Schollers and Lofophers. But has thy master got *Plutus*, and shall we all be rich in good zooth, *Carion*?

Car. I in zooth neighbour *Lackland*, as rich as *Midas*, if you had but asses ears.

Lackl. Nay, vor if that be all, I shall do well enough I warrant you, mine are of a pretty length already: it does me good at the heart neighbours, so it does.

Stiffe. Vaith would Mr. *Olip-latine* our Ficar were here too. He's an honest man, he reads Common-prayer; we can vollow him and understand him; He will not meddle with Diricks-stories nor Extrumperies. He has but poor twanty Nobles a year, think of it Neighbours.

Clodp. Vaith and thou saiest tight neighbour *Stiffe*, and he gives us good destructions once a moneth, as good as a Nomine.

Lackl. I, and I like him; He's none of the Hum-drums, he'll clap it up quickly, especially if there be a match at the Alehouse.

Clodp. Masse, and he'll drink Sack and Claret as fast as any Synod man.

Stiffe. I, neighbours, and he's none of them that be proud; he will not scorn to drink with his poor neighbours too: if *Plutus* would give him twice twanty Nobles, I would not think it too much.

Lackl. I warrant, our Proprietor would hang

himself were he would allow it.

Clodp. Tis no matter, we'll tision *Plutus* our selves vor him.

Stiff. Nay neighbours, and lets tell him he'll cursten and bury after the old way. I warrant, when *Mr. Clip-later's* gone, we shall never have such a man again to sit the parish. Every one loves him, but *Never-good* the Sequestrator, that—

Lackl. When *Plutus* comes, we'll think of him. Vaith neighbours, shall we be rich? What will my neighbour *Kent-all* do? He'll get him a Satten-doubler, and scorn his proud Landlord: And *Steal-all* the Tailor, and *Now-the* Ballad-finger will ride about in Coaches, and all the rest of us too.

Vaith, shall we have *Plutus*? I shall we be rich! I shall e'en throw away my leather-slops & my pitchforks. O it joyces my heart! Neighbours, it is as good news as a pot of ale and a tost in a frosty morning.

Stiff. I could give a penny for a May-pole to dance the morris vor arvant joy. Shall we be rich vaith!

Car. Now will I with the *Cyclops* sing,

Threttanelo, Threttanelo.
Which *Polyphemus* carst did ring,
To the tune of *Fortune* my foe.

Chor. *Threttanelo, Threttanelo:*
And sing we all merrily, *Threttanelo, Threttanelo.*

Car. Blear you like *Ewes* the while.

Chor. Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.

Car. Like frisking Kids full merrily go,
Threttanelo, Threttanelo.

Chor. And sing we all—

Car. Dance out your coats like lecherous goats, *Threttanelo, Threttanelo!*

Chor. And sing we all—

Car. Let us this *Cyclops* seek:
To the place where he sleeps let us go,
Threttanelo.

Car. Put out as he lies
With a Cowl-staffe his eyes, *Threttanelo.*

Chor. And sing we all merrily,
And sing we all—

Car. But now you shall see
I *Circe* will be;

And turn you to hogs ere I go, *Threttanelo.*

Go grant you all now I bid a word I would
Like your mother die *Sow, Threttanelo.*

Chor. And sing we all—

And sing we all—

Car. But come you Pig-hogs, let us leave jesting. I restore you to your old *Metamorphosis*, as you may see in the first leaf of *Virgils* Bucolicks. I will go the next way to the Cup-board, and fill my guts like an Emperor. And then if you have any thing to maund me on a full stomach, you may ply me in what you please.

Musick.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 2. Scan. 2.

Enter *Chremylus* and *Seisse*, *Clodpole*,
Lackland.

Chor. Honest neighbours, welcome: I will not bid you good morrow now. That was my salutation in the dayes of poverty: that stinking complement never fitted my mouth, but when my breath smelt of onions and garlick. Gramercy Old blades, for coming. Let me hug you. Oh what a sweet armful of friends is here! If you be but valiant now, and defend *Plutus*, the least of you all shall have wealth enough to confront *Praster-John*, and the Grand Signior too.

Clod. If that be all, my life for yours. Valiant *Why-Mow* himself was an arrent coward to me; I have beat him at foot-ball above twenty times. If you did but see me once, I warrant you would call me goodman *Hellor* as long as I lived for't. Did you not see how I cufft with *Hercules* for a two-peny loaf last Curmasse? Let *Plutus* go! No, let me return again to Onions and Pease-porridge then, and never be acquainted with the happiness of a Surloyn of rost-beef.

Chor. Well neighbours, march in. I see *Episidemus* coming toward. He has heard of my good fortune, that makes him foot it so fast. In the dayes of my poverty all my friends went on crutches; they would come to me as fast as black Snails; but now they can outrun Dromedaries. This 'tis to be rich and

C. 2

happy.

Now I have a rich Load-stone lyeth under
my Threshold that draws in all their Iron
Spurs.

He that will have his friends about him
must,

Must have th' alluring bait of golden
muck. *Ex. omnes.*

Act. 2. Scan. 3.

Enter Blepsidemus, Chremylus.

Blepsid. VVhat should this be? or by
whar means? 'tis strange.

That my friend *Chremylus* is grown so rich;
I scarce belive't, because I know him honest,
Yet every Barbers shop reports it boldly.

'Tis very strange he should grow rich 'oth'
sudden.

And then 'tis stranger far, that being grown
wealthy,

He calls his poor friends to be part'ners with
him;

I am sure, 'tis nothe courtesie of *England*.

Chr. Friend *Blepsidemus*, welcome; I am not
the same beggerly *Chremylus* I was yesterday.
Be merry, true-blew, be merry; thou art one
of my friends too, I'll put you all into a-hu-
mor of thriving.

Blep. Are you so wealthy, sir, as report speaks?

Chr. So wealthy? ha, soft and fair. Cozen

Blepsidemus, I shall be anon;
Things of great consequence have some dan-
ger in them.

Blep. Danger? VVhat danger?

Chr. VVhy, I'll tell thee all. If we bring
this busines to passe, we shall be brave blades,
Be drunk with Sack and Claret every day;
glutted with roast Beef, Pasties and Marry-
bone-pies: but if our hopes be frustrate, we
are undone, we must to Leeks and Onions
again.

Blep. All is not right, I fear, I do not like
it.

Thus suddenly to thrive, and thus to fear;
Makes me suspect my judgement and his
honesty.

Chr. VVhat honesty?

Blep. If those your sacrilegious hands
have plundered
Apollo's Temple, and enrich'd your Coffers
VVith Gold and Silver, ravish't from the
Altars.

If you repent, yet do not mock your friends:
Perchance, you have invited all your neigh-
bours

To hear you make a learned Confession;
To shake hands from the Ladder, and take
leave

Of their dear *Chremylus* at the fatal Tree:
No, you shall pardon me, I'm not in the hu-
mour,

To take a walk toward *Paddington* to-day.

Chr. Marry heavens forbid! there's no
such cause nor matter.

Blep. Nay, trifle now no longer: 'tis too
manifest.

Chr. You do me wrong, thus to suspect a
friend.

Blep. For *Jove*, I think there's not an
honest man;

But droffie earthy muck-worm-minded Vaf-
sals,

And these full soon mortgage their Souls for
Silver;

Jove's image for the States —

Chr. By heaven I think thou art mad. Do
thy naked brains want clothing, *Blepsidemus*?

for I see thy wit is gone a wool-gathering.

Blep. I see *Chremylus* is not *Chremylus*, for

me thinks

VVho hath lost his honesty hath lost himself.

Blep. As sure as can be, some gib'd *Chr*
that died issueless, has adopted thee for her
Heire, and bequeathed the legacy of her me-
lancholy to thee. It is impossible thou
should'st be so mad else.

Blep. Thy countenance so oft changing,
and thy eyes

Unconstant gogling, call thee guilty *Chre-
mylus*.

Of a dishonest juggling soul.

Chr. Nay, good Raven, do not croak so.
I know what your croaking tends to. Now if
I had stoin any thing, you and the Devill
would have put in for a share.

Blep. Do I do this to claim my share, what
share?

Chr.

Chr. Come there is no such matter, my fingers have not learn'd the sleight of hand. Picking and stealing is none of their profession.

Blep. O 'tis some learned distinction; VVhat, you'll say
You did not steal, you did but take't away;
VVell, 'tis not good to equivocate with a Halter,

Gregory is a cunning Disputant:
An argument of Hemp is hardly answered.

Chr. VVhat melancholy Devil has possess'd thee? I am sure it is no merry one. This madness doth not smel of *Edmonton*.

Blep. VVhom have you plunder'd then?
whose Bung is rupt.

Chr. No mans.

Blep. O *Hercules*! VVhose tongue speaks truth?

In what cold Zone dwels naked honesty?

Chr. I see, friend, you condemn me & re you know the truth.

Blep. Come, do not jest your neck into the Noose,

Tell me betimes, that with the Key of Gold I may lock up the Vermin's mouth. Informers

Are dangerous cattle, if they once but yawn;
As bad as Sequestrators, but I'll undertake.

Chr. I will not have you undertake any thing for me; you will be at too much charges: Sir, my intent is to enrich all honest men.

Blep. Why, have you stoln so much?

Chr. No faith, a little will serve the turn, there are so few of them. But first, know I have *Plutus* himself at home.

Blep. VVho, *Plutus*? God of wealth.

Chr. The same, by heaven and hell.

Blep. VVhat heaven and hell by *Westminster-hall*, where Lawyers and Parliament men eat French-broth? Have you *Plutus*, by *Vesta*?

Chr. Yes and by *Neptune* too.

Blep. VVhat *Neptune*? *Neptune* of the Sea?

Chr. By *Neptune* of the Sea, or any other *Neptune* in *Euipe*. He is the smale-legged Gentleman-Uffers god; for his Chariot is drawn with Calves.

Blep. VVhy do you not send him about a-

mong your friends?

Chr. What, before he have recovered his ey-sight?

Blep. Why, is *Plutus* blinde?

Chr. By *Jove* is he.

Blep. Nay, I did alwayes think so; and that's the reason he could never finde the way to my house.

Chr. But now he shall at a short-hand.

Blep. VVhat, *Brachygraphy*? *Thomas Sholtons Art*?

Chr. No, I mean suddenly.

Blep. He shall be welcome: But why do you not get some skilfull *Oculist* for him? Have you never a *Chyrurgion* about the town that hath Eyes to sell of his own making?

Chr. Now the *Spittle-house* on the *Puck-fist* tribe of them. If a man have but a cut Finger, the Cure of it shall be as long as the *Siege of Breda*: Physicians and Surgeons are good for nothing but to fill Graves and Hospitals.

Blep. Sure then, that's the reason none but *Sextons* pray for them.

Chr. No, I'll have a better device; he shall go to the Temple of *Esculapius*.

Blep. Come let us make haste, To be rich as soon as we can. *Dives qui fieri vult, Et cito vult fieri*—

Chr. VVe will get a *Fieri facium* of the Lawyers. They pick all the wealth out of the Country-mens pockets. Have but patience, I will warrant thee as Rich as any Alderman.

Officia Ex.

Act 2. Scen. 4.

Enter Penia and meets them.

Pen. Must I needs meet you, you old Dotsards? Are you not ashamed of your gray Coxcombes? you are going about a fine piece of impudence, to undoe me and all my children. But I shall plague you for it.

Chr. Now *Hercules* and his club defend me!

Pen. I'll cut your throats, and sit your impudent gurgulio's; you Calves at three-score: Now dare you undertake such confederacy? but you shall throttle for't, by all

the ash-colour'd castle about me.
Blep. What treasure is this with the Red-
 oker face? She looks as if she were begot
 by Marking-stones.

Chr. By Stones sure: 'tis some Erythra that
 is broke loose from the Tragedy.

Blep. By *Jeronymo*, her looks are as terri-
 ble as *Don Andraa*, or the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

Chr. Nay, 'tis rather one of Belzebub's
 Heralds.

Blep. Why so?

Chr. VVhy, dost thou not see how many
 several Coats are quartered in her Arms?

Pen. So, so; and who do you think I am?

Blep. Some Bawd of *Sharditch*, or *Tarn-
 bul* Broker of Maidenheads, &c.

Chr. VVhy woman, why dost thou follow
 us? we have done thee no wrong.

Pen. No, good honest Scavengers, no
 wrong! By the skin betwixt my eye-browes,
 but I'll make you know 'tis a wrong. 'Tis it no
 wrong to cast me out of every place; and
 leave me no where to be in?

Chr. Yes, thou shalt have the liberty of
 Hell; and all good kindnesses the honest
 Devils can do thee, for my sake. But what
 art thou? why dost not thou tell us who thou
 art?

Pen. One that will be soundly revenged
 on you all, for committing more than gun-
 powder treason against a poor woman; that
 hath not so much as a tooth in her head that
 means you any harm.

Blep. VVe will not trust so much as thy
 gums for all that. VVho art thou?

Pen. I am Poverty, *Penia Poterty*, eldest
 daughter of *Asiatas Spend-all*, of *Brecknock-
 shire*; One that hath kept house with you this
 thirty years and upwards; I have fate winter
 and summer at your Great-grandfathers
 table.

Blep. O *Apollo* and therest of the Sp'iteful
 house gods! tell me how I may run away.

Chr. Nay, stay you cowardly drone.

Blep. Stay! no not for the world, I will
 not keep Poverty company; there be vermine
 about her which I would be loth should cosen
 the worms of my carcase.

Pen. Dare you grum, you unethical Ru-

sticks, being taken in the fact?

Chr. Stay Coward, shall two men run a-
 way from one woman?

Blep. One woman! I, but 'tis Poverty;
Penia Poverty, or *Penia Pennylesse*.

No Tyger so cruel: I had rather fight with
Mal Cuppurife and my Lady *Sands* both to-
 gether at quarter-staffe.

Chr. Good *Blesidemus* stay.

Blep. Good *Chremylus* run away.

Chr. Shall we leave *Plutus* thus?

Blep. How shall we resist this warlike
 Amazon, the valiantest of all Tinkers truis
 and doxies! She has made me pawn my
 Bisbo-blade and rusty Head-piece at the
 Alehouse many a time in arrant policy. Let
 us run; there is no hope of safety but in foot-
 manship. Our valour is clean contrary to
Achilles, for our greatest security lies in our
 heels. Let us run; Stone-walls are not defended
 enough, her hunger will break through and
 devour us.

Chr. Take thy Porridge-pot (man) for a
 Helmet, thy Ladle for a Spear, and a Sword
 of Bacon, and thou art arm'd against Poverty
 cap-a-pe: And then *Plutus* shall come and
 cut her throat, and raise a trophy out of her
 miserable carcase.

Pen. Dare you snarl, you Currs, after the
 contriving such damnable injury?

Blep. What injury, you old Beldame! We
 have not ravish'd thee, I am sure; thy beauty
 is not so much moping. Dost think we mean
 to lie with Red-Oker! to commit fornication
 with a Red-Lattice! I know not what
 thy lower parts can do; but thy very Fore-
 head is able to burn us. Let thy Salamander-
 Nose and Lips live in perpetual flames, for
 me; Jove send thee everlasting fire! There
 is no *Cupid* in thy complexion: a man may
 look upon thee, without giving the flesh oc-
 casion to tempt the spirit: it all were made of
 the same clay thou art. Adultery would be a
 stranger in England.

Pen. O immortal gods, is it no injury to
 restore *Plutus* to his eye-sight! Now *Furys*
 put out all your eyes, and then consume all
 the dogs in Christendome, that there may be
 none to lead you!

Chr.

Chr. What harm is it to you, if we study the catholike good of all mankind?

Pen. What catholike good of mankind? I'm sure the Roman catholike religion commands wilfull poverty.

Blep. That's because *Plutus* is blind: his blindness is the cause of that devotion. But when *Plutus* can see again, we will kick you out of the Universe; and leave you no place but the Universities: marry those you may claim by custome, 'tis your penniless bench; we give you leave to converse with sleeveless Gowns and thred-bare Cassocks.

Pen. But what if I persuade you its necessary that Poverty live amongst you?

Blep. Persuaded! we will not be persuaded; for we are persuaded not to be persuaded, though we be persuaded. Thus we are persuaded; and we will not be persuaded to persuade our selves to the contrary, any wayes being persuaded.

Pen. If I do not, do what you will with me; leave me no place to rest in, but the empty Study of that pitiful Poet, that hath booted up this poor Comedy with so many patches of his ragged wit, as if he meant to make Poverty a Coat of it.

Blep. At *Tumpana*, hai *Cophona*! Jack Dolophin and his Kettle-drum defend us.

Chr. But if you be convicted and non-plust, what punishment will you submit your self unto?

Pen. To any.

Blep. Ten deaths: other Cars have but nine, *Gramolkin* her self. Let us be sure Poverty die our right. I begin to be bowlsie in her company. Let's march.

Exeunt ambo.

Pen. Yet I thank *Jove* I am better acquainted in City and Country, then these think of. In the City many that go in gay clothes know me; in the Country I am known for Taxes, Excise and Contributions: besides I have an army royal of Royalists, that now live under the Sequestration-Planet, I shall muster them up if need be. But first I will go marshal up my Forlorn-hopes of Tatterdemallians, *Welsh*, *English*, *Scots*, and *Irish*. I hope to give these Round—a breakfast,

for all they vapour now; I hope to bring 'um under my dominion shortly.

Exit Pen.

Act. 2. Scen. 5.

Enter Scrape-all, Clodpole, Stiffe, Dicars, and Poverty.

Clodp. Neighbours, I ch hear we must chop. Logick with Poverty; 'cha wonder what this Logicking is, tid never know yet to yoe: they say one gaffer *Avissale* was the first vounder of it, A bots on him!

Scrape. Cha remember my zon went to the Varsity, and I ha heard him say a fine song: *Hang Brerwood and Carter in Graashoberps garter.*

Let Kerkerman too bemoan us: 'cha be no more beaten for greasie *Jack Seaton*.

And coming of *Sanderfonus*.

At Oxford, or *Cambridge* 'twould make a man a hungry to hear 'um talk of *Glines* and *Argations*, and *Preticables* and *Predicaments*, and gatur *Antecedens* and *Proiums* and *Postriorums*, and *Probo's* and *Valleris*. Cha think this Logick a hard thing next to the *Black-Are*.

Stiffe. Neighbours, an't be zo, what a murrin ails us! why, shall we venture *Plutus* on *Preticables* and *Predicaments*? shall we lose all our hopes by an *Argo Valleris*? This is my pinion, this same Poverty will prove the best Companion of um all: why, she cannot choose but repute (as *Mr. Ficar Hayes*) very well, and most tregorically.

Dica. Tregorically! Categorically neighbour; Sir *John* meant so I warrant you.

Stiffe. VVhy, tregorically, and catergorically; *Tre* and *Cater*, there's but an ace difference; therefore bate me an ace quoth *Balton*, and I say she will repute very well and tregorically, for she hath ever kept company with Scholars ever since my memory or my *Gramams* either. No, let me take my *Categorical Flail* in hand; and if I do not, thresh

directs her to death with lusty arguments, let me never live to problem again at a Peas-rick.

Dica. Neighbours, be content. Poverty stand you on one side, and life stand on the other; for I will be opposite to you & *diametro*, and teach you to know your distance. Thus I dispute. The question is, Whether *Plutus* ought to receive his eye-sight? I say I, & sic proba.

If it be fit that good and honest men, Whose souls are fraught with virtue, should possess Riches and wealth, which Heaven did mean should be

The just reward of goodness: while proud and Vice, Strip of her borrowed and usurped robes, Should have her loathed deformities unmasked;

And vicious men that spread their Peacocks trains, Have car casses as naked as their souls.

But if once *Plutus* should receive his eyes, And vice discern twist men, the world were chang'd:

Then goodness and full coffers, wealth and honesty

Might meet, imbrace, and thrive, and kiss together;

While vice with all her partners starves and pines,

Rotting to dirt and filth, leaving to hell Black souls. Who better counsel can devise?

Ego 'tis fit *Plutus* receive his eyes.

Clod. That *Argo* has netted her, I warrant. Thou shalt be *Plutus* his Professor for this. VVhat his my *She-Bellarmine* now to answer?

Dica. As the mad world goes now, who could believe

But pur-blind fate and chance did hold the scepter

Of humane actions? VVho beholds the miseries

Of honest mortals, and compares their fortunes

VVith the unsatiable pleasures of gross pictures,

VVhose bursten bags are glutted with the spoils

Of wretched Orphans: who (I say) sees this, But would almost turn Atheist, and forswear All heaven, all gods, all divine providence! But if to *Plutus* we his eyes restore, Good men shall grow in wealth, and Knaves grow poore.

Stiff. In my opinion this simple-gisme—
Dica. Fie neighbour, 'tis a Syllogisme.

Stiff. VVhy simple and silly is all one; be what Gisme it will be, sure 'twas not in true mud and fig-tree, there was never a Tar-box in the breech of it.

Pen. O Dotards, how easily you may be persuaded to die as wanton fools as you were born! If *Plutus* recover his eye-sight, and distribute his riches equally, you shall see what will become of your Anabaptistical Anarchy; what arts or sciences would remain. If every Vulcan be as good as your selves, what *Smug* will make your VVorships dripping-pans?

Dica. VVhy he that makes the Fire-shovel and Tongue, or if all fail, *Quisquis fortunæ sua faber*, we'll make our dripping pans our selves; we can do more then that, we can preach to our selves already.

Pen. VVho would coble your shoes, or mend your honorable stockings?

Dica. O there be Sermon-makers enough can do that bravely: the only Metaphysicks they are beaten in, *Rem acu tangunt*.

Pen. VVho would carry you up to *London*, if the VVaggon-driver should think himself as good a man as his master?

Dica. VVhy we would ride thither on our own Hackney-Consciences.

Pen. Nay if this were so, the very Tailors though they damn'd you all to hell under their shop-boards, would scorn to come to the making up of as good a man as *Pericles* Prince of *Tyre*.

Dica. Marry that were a happy time for the *Low-Countries*: the Spanish Pike would not then be worth a Bodkin.

Pen. There would be no Presbyters to directorise you, no Landresses to sope you, no Plough-men to seed you, no Inn-keepers

to fox you, no Sycophants to flatter you, no Friends to cheat you. *Ergo* you have brought your hogs to a fair market.

Stiff. How she proves her self a Sow in conclusion!

Dic. 'Twas in Conclusion, that it might not be denied, Methinks *Poverty* disputes very poorly, and that's a wonder; for likely the naked truth is on her side.

Clod. Yet she remembered an *Argo*, and that made her argument not so weak and impudent; in my pinion this *Argo* is a Quarter-staffe at least.

Dic. And (*Poverty*) what good turn can you do us, except it be to fill our eares with the bawlings of hungry brats and brawling bastards? No doubt you can bring us a flock of fleas and a herd of lice to store the pasture grounds of our miserable Microcosmes; the unmannerly hogs with hunger betimes to desire us to deferre our breakfasts a fortnight longer. You can give us field-beds, with heaven for our canopy, and some charitable stones for our pillows. VVe need not expect the felicity of a horse to lie at rack and manger; but yet our asses and we must be content with the same provender. No Rost-beef, no shoulders of Mutton, no Cheese-cakes, no Matchivilian Florentines:

And whence our greatest grief does rise,

No Plumb-porridge, nor no Plumbpudding pies.

Ergo (*Poverty*) I will answer your arguments at the whipping-post.

Lackl. That was strong and piercing for Plumb-porridge: for truly one porrenger of Plumb-porridge is an argument more unanswerable then *Campians* ten Reasons.

Dic. *Aliter probo sic.* Your poor creatures have not wherewith to bury themselves; but it is not fit that the soul should go a begging for the charges of the bodies funerall. *Ergo falleris Domina Poverty.*

Pen. You do not dispute seriously, you put me off with trifling nugations. Thus I dispute. If I make men better then Riches, I am to be preferred before Riches. But I make men better: for poor men have the better consciences, because they have not so much guilt,

I call their empty purses to witnesse. *Aliter probo sic.* I moralize men better then *Plutus*: *Exemplum gratia*: *Plutus* makes men with pufft faces, dropfie bodies, Bellies as big as the great Tub at *Heidelberg*; Noses by the vertue of *Malmesie* so full of Rubies, that you may swear, had *Poverty* had dominion in their Nativities, they had never had such rich faces: Besides, they have eyes like Turkey-cocks, Double-chins, Flapdragon-checks, Lips that may spare half an ell, and yet leave kissing room enough. Nay, 'tis the humour of this age, they think they shall never be great men, unless they have grosse bodies. Marry I keep men spare and lean, slender and nimble; mine are all Diminutives, *Tom Thumbs*, not one *Clossus*, not one *Garagantua* amongst them; fitter to encounter the enemy by reason of their agility, in less danger of shot for their tenuity, and most expert in running away, such is their celerity. *Ergo*, *Irus* is a good souldier, and *Midas* is an ass.

Scrap. Troth she has toucht *Midas*; she has caught him by the worshipful ears.

Dic. Nay 'tis no wonder if they be slender enough, you keep them with such spare diet: they have so much Lent and Fasting-dayes, that they need not fear the danger of being as fat as Committee-men. If a man should see a company of their lean carcases assembled together, 'twould make him think Dooms-day were come to town before its time.

Pen. Moreover, that which is most noble is most prefferable. But *Poverty* is most noble. *Minor* I prove thus: Whose houses are most ancient, those are most noble: But *Poverties* houses are most antient; for some of them are so old, like *Vicaridge*-houses, they are every hour in danger of falling.

Clod. What a silly womans this to talk of Nobility houses! Does not she know we are all Levellers, there's no Nobility now.

Stiff. Neighbour, I think so too: I am an Unpundant too, I think.

Dic. Nay she does not dispute well. Her *Major* was born in *Biddam*, her *Minor* was whipt in *Bridewell*; *Ergo* her Conclusion is

run out of her wits. For well said *M. Rhombus*, *Ecce mulier blanchata quasi lilium*. Now I oppose her with a Dilemma, *alias* the Cuckold of Arguments. My Dilemma is this: Citizens and Townsmen are rich, for there's the *Comucopia*; Ergo, Riches are better than Poverty. Nay, if Riches were not in some account, why would *Jupiter* be so rich? for you see he has engrossed to himself the golden age of Jacobusicks, and the silver age of Shillings and Six-pences, and left us nothing but the brazen age of Plundering and Impudence; for Tinkers Tokens are gone away too. To conclude in one syllogisme more, I will prove my Tenet true by the example of *Hecate* Queen of Hell; she would turn the Clark of her Kitchen out of his office, and not suffer him to be the Devils mansiple any longer, if he should bring any lean carkasse or any carrion-soul to be served up at her table. Her chief dish is the larded soul of a plump Usurer, basted with the dripping of a greasie Alderman; the sauce being made with the braines of a great Conger-headed Lawyer, butter'd with the greale of a well-fed Committee-man, served up for want of sawcers in the two eares of an unconscionable Scrivener. Ergo, Poverty, you may go and hang your self.

Pen. O for the *Barbadoes*! I have no place left for my entertainment.

Dic. Come brethren, let us kick her out of the Universe.

Pen. O whither shall I betake myself!

Dic. To the house of Charity.

Pen. To the house of Charity? that's an old ruin'd cold lodging, as bad as a Correction house. Good your worships, take some pity on miserable Poverty!

Dic. Did you ever hear such a solecisme?

Lack. Troth master, I never knew it in my life: All our Parish was ever against it.

Clod. And ours too, and I think all *England* over.

Dic. Poverty, then I say thou shalt have a Justice of Peaces charity, the whipping-post; thou shalt be last under the statute of sturdy Rogues and Beggars; look for no pity, 'tis charity to pity those that are rich; Go get you packing.

Pen. VVell, sirs, though you put Poverty away now, yet you or your heirs may be glad to send for me ere long. *Exit Poverty.*

Clod. It shall be to the gallows then, by my consent: if you mean to prevent it, the best way is to go and pine away quickly.

Stiff. Farewell old Rag of Babylon, for we must be rich, and therefore worshipfull.

Exeunt omnes.

By your leave Mr. Parson.

Musick.

Act. 2. Scan. 6.

Enter Clip-latine a *Parson*, *Dicrus* a *Parson*, *Clod-pole*, *Stiffe*, *Scrape-all*.

Dic. Last night I laught in my sleep: The Queen of *Fairies* tickled my nose with a Tithe-pigs taile. I dreamt of another Benefice, and see how it comes about! Next morning *Plutus* the God of wealth comes to my house, and brings me an Augmentation and a good far Living. He said he came to visit me: as sure as can be I am ordained to be rich at his Visitation, 'tis better then the Bishops or Archdeacons. Now must I be one of the Assembly, and walk demurely in a long black Cloak at *Westminster*, forgetting all my Greek and Latine.

Clip. Faith brother, that have I done already: my name's *Clip-latine* truly; I read a Homily, and pray by the Service-book divinely.

Dic. Divinely, quoth a! Thou must take *Ex tempore* in hand, or else thou wilt nere be rich in these dayes.

Clip. Do you hear, neighbours! shall us leave the Common-Prayer?

Stiff. God forbid, Mr Ficar! why 'twas writ in *Dauids* time; and *Thomas Sternhold* and *Johu Hopkins* joyn'd it to the Psalms in those dayes, and turn'd it into such excellent Metre, that I can sleep by it as well as any in the Parish.

Clod. Besides, naighbour, we don't know this new Sect what they pray, we can't follow them in their Extrumperies.

Clip. You see the case is cleer, Sir: I am for

for the King and the Prayer-Book.

Stiff. VVell said Parson, we shall love thee the better for that, hold there still.

Dic. Yet (Brother) because thou art of our cloth, I'll speak to *Plutus* for thee. Thou shalt have twenty pounds *per annum* standing stipend, and the love of thy Parish because thou takest nothing of them, Dost mark me? Twenty pounds, I say. I must be gone.

Exit. Dic.

Clip. A good saying and a rich. Now shall I surfeit in a Sartin Cloak; from twenty nobles to twenty pounds! O brave!

Scrap. VVe are glad of it vaith Mr. Ficar.

Clip. Come Neighbours, upon this good news, lets chop up and to my Nost *Sirgo's*, he'll be glad to hear of it too. I am resolv'd to build no more Sconces, but to pay my old tickets. Come, let's in and drink a Cup of *Sirgo*.

Stiff. Vaith Vicar, thou givest us good destruction still.

Come in, come, come.

Act. 2. Scæn. 7.

Enter Blepsidamus, Chremylus, Carion.

Blep. O the divinity of being rich! Now *Plutus* is come. But who is *Plutus*? VVhy, he is the Nobleman's Tutor, the Princes and States flect of Plate, the Lawyers *Littleton*, the Major and Aldermens Fur-gown, the Justice's Warrant, the Constable and Bum-bailies Tip-staffe, the Astronomers Blazing star, the Mathematicians Record or counting table, the Cavaliers Service-book, the Presbyterians Directory, the Independens Ex-tempore, the Popes golden Legend, the Friars Nun, the Monkes Breviary, the Worldlings God, the Prelates Cannons, and Bishops Oath, &c. — I could reckon more, but he is the very Ladder to worship and honour. I must be rich, and therefore honorable, and preud, and grave.

—*Chr.* O gentleman-like resolution!

Blep. Yet now I think on't, J will not be grave; for grave bodies do naturally descend to base Conditions, which is clean contrary

to the complexion of my humour; yer J will cry hum with the best in the Parish. J will understand as little as the wealthie Citizen of them all.

Chr. Marry, and that's a proud word, *Blepsidamus*.

Blep. I will sleep as soundly at Church and snort as loud at Sermons as the Churchwarden himself, or the Master of the Company.

Chr. O infinite ambition!

Blep. I will entertain none for my Whores under the reputation of Ladies, unless they be Parsons daughters.

Chr. O! because they may claim the benefit of the Clergie.

Blep. I will daign none the honour of being my woships Cuckolds, that is not a round-headed Brother of the Corporation.

Chr. He'll make it a principle of the City Charter. Horns of such making, will be of as great esteem as the Cap of maintenance.

Blep. Hereafter Gentlemen, hereafter, I say in contempt of a penny quart, I will throw *Pisspot-lane* in the face of *Py-corner*: J will be foxt no where but at Round-headed Inns, that J may be honestly drunk, and carry it with the greater gravity and safety. The soule of Sack and the flower of Ale shall be my drink, that my very Urine may be the quintessence of Canary.

Chr. VVhy then, *Vespasian* might desire no greater Revenue, then the reversion of your Chamber-pot.

Blep. But come let us withdraw, and carry *Plutus* to the Temple of *Esculapian*; *Carion* make ready the necessaries, see you play the Sumpter-horse with discretion. Let us make haste, for J long to be worshipfull.

Come friends, this day gives period to our sorrow,

VVe will drown cares in bowls of Sack to morrow.

Exitunt ambo.

Act 3. Scen. 1.

Enter Penia Poverty, Higgen, Termock, Brun, Caradock, and an Army of Rogues.

Pen. Souldiers, you see men Poverty despise

Since God of Riches hath recover'd eyes;
Let us invade them now with might and main
And make them know their former state again;

March forth brave Champions, though your
Noble Valours

Be out at Elbows, shew your selves to be
Patches of worth, rags of Gentility.

Brave Blades, arrayed in Dish-clouts, dirty
Plush,

Like the grave Senators of *Beggars-bush*;
VVith Poverty, sole Empresse of your States,
Spend your best blood, you have no wealthy
Fates:

Me thinks I see your Valours, and espie
Each rag, a Trophy of your Victory.

Come *Brun*, thou worthy *Scot* of gallant race,
VVhat though thou lost an arm at *Cbery-chase*,

Resume thy valour. And thou *Caradock*,
True Leek of *Wales*, *Pendragon's* noble stock
Sir up thy *Welsh*-blood to encounter these,
With zeal as fervent as thy roasted Cheese.

And thou brave *Red-shank* too, *Termock* by
name,

VVonder of *Red-shanks*, & *Hybernia's* fame.
To conquer these, or scatter them like chaff;
Or lick them up as glib as *Vsqubaghe*.

And *Higgen* thou, whose potent Oratory

Makes *Beggars-bush* admire thy eloquent
story,

Come bravely on and rescue me from danger,

Else Poverty to you will prove a stranger,
Which heavens forbid.

All. Poverty, poverty, poverty, for our
money!

Pen. Nay, without money Sirs, and be
constant too.

All. Poverty, poverty, poverty, our Patronesse!

Carad. Cats plutter a nailes; Her were
best by her troth take very many heeds, how
her make a commotion in her stomachs; if
her ploud be but up twice and once, her will
tug out her Sword, and gad's nigs, let her take
very many heed, her will carbonado very
much Legs and Arms. By *St. Tassie*, I'll
tear the most valiantest of them all ino as
arrant Atomes as there be mores in the Moon.
Try he dare whose will; I tickle their hoop-
sir Dominees, esse, never let her sing hapate-
ry, while she has live any longer. If her doe
not conquer them upside down, let her never
while she lives in *Hewope*, god bleffe her,
eat Cough-bobby with the man in the Moon.
Her Coshen *Mertlin* her County-man, hath
told her in a Whisper, very a many much
tale of her valour above fore score and twenty
years since.

Pen. Bravely resolved; O how I love thy
Valour!

Tis sweeter then *Metheglin*, I all *Canarvon*
cannot afford a Comrade half so noble.

Ter. And *Termock* vill spend te best
ploud in his heelsh in the servish.

Pen. Renowned *Termock*, thanks from
our Princely self.

Ter. Nay, keep ty tanks to thy self, *Termock*
is ty trustary shubsheckr.

Brun. And aies wcs gang with thee *Mon*.
Aies have bin a prupder gud man in the *Borders*.
Aies fought blith and bonny for the
gwd Earle *Duglassie*: Aies shou thy fomen
a Scutch trick. Aies mumble their craps like
a Sheep's-head or Cokes-nose, Aif I do not
let me bund to Sup with nothing but *Perk*
and *Sow-baby*.

Pen. VVell said brave *Brun*, hold but thy
Resolution,
And never a Souldier breathing shall excell
thee.

Brun. Nay's mon, aif I cannot give 'um
mickle rathers enough my self, aies gang
home to my *Bellibaine* and get lusty Martial
Barns, shall pell mell their Noddles: What
gars great *Higgen*?

Hig.

Hig. Attend, attend; I *Higg* n the grand Orarour

Begin to yaww, lend me your Aff's ears;
Give auscultation. *Higg* n, whose Pike-staffe Rhetorick,

Makes all the world obey your Excellence
By cudgelling them with Crab-tree eloquence.

By lusty Doxies; there's not a Quire Cove,
Nobler then I in all the bowfing Kens
That are twixt *Hockly 'ith' hole* and *Istington*.
By these good Stampers, upper and neather
Dwits;

He nip from *Ruffmans* of the *Harmanbeck*,
Though glimmer'd in the fables, I cly the
chates:

I'll stand the Pad or Mill, the Churches de-
neir.

Nip bungs, dupe gibbers leager, lowze and
bowle.

Liggen in strommel, in darkmans for pannum
Should the grand *Ruffian* come to mill me, I
VWould scorn to shuttle from my Poverty!

Pen. So, so, well spoke, my noble English
Tatter,

Lead up the Varr-guard, muster up an army,
An army royal of Imperial Lice.

Hig. And I will be the *Scanderbeg* of the
Company,

The very Tamberlane of this ragged rout;
Come follow me my Souldiers—

Burn. Yaws grand Captain, fir, suft and
fair; gar away, there be gewd men in the
Company. Aies Captain, for aies have more
scruch Lice, then thou hast English creepers,
or He Britifh Goats about him.

Hig. VVhat then? my Lice are of the no-
ble breed,

Sprung from the *Danes*, *Saxons* and *Nor-*
mans blood;

True English-born, all plump and all well
favour'd:

Take warning then good fir, be not so proud,
As to compare your Vermine fir, with ours.

Ter. Pleash ty shit grassh, let needder nod-
der of them my shit Emprresse have te plash
of ty Captain, Jam te beith of edder odder.
I have seen te fash of the vild *Lifsh*. *Termock*
knows vat is to fight in the Pozz like a
valiant cosermonger, up to the Nash in

plond. Not to make much prittle and prat-
tle to none purpoff; *Termock* has fight un-
der *Oncale*, for her King and Queen in te
wars. Vat, I speak tish by te Shoes of *Patrick*,
if that *Termock* be the Captain, thou shalt
bear ty fotes to peeces and pishes.

Carad. Is *Caradock* not respected amongst
her; Her Lice are petter a pedecree as the
gooddst of them all. Her Lice come ap *Shin-*
kin, ap *Shan*, ap *Owen*, ap *Richard*, ap *Mor-*
gan, ap *Hugh*, ap *Erutus*, ap *Sylvius*, ap *E-*
neas, and so up my shoulder. An't her Lice
will not deshenerate from her petticree pre-
cious Coles. Her ancestors fought in the
Wars of *Troy*, by this Leek, as lustily as the
Lice of *Troilus*. Nay, by St. *Taffie*, the Lice
of *Hellor*, were but Nits in comparison of
her magnanimous Lice. Do not disparage
her nor her Lice, if her love her guts in her
pelly.

Ter. But if *Termock* have no Lish, fall I e-
derefore not be te Captain? Posh on her
Lish. *Termock* hath none grassh a *Patrick*;
no such venomous tings vill preed in hish
Country.

Hig. I will be Captain, for my Robes: r:
mariall:

True mariall Robes, full of uncurable
wounds.

My Doublet is adorned with thousand scars,
My Breeches have endured more storms and
tempests

Then any man's that lyes perdue for Pud-
dings.

I have kept Sentinel every night this twelve
moneth;

Behaded Ducks and Geese, spited the Pigs,
And all to Vistual this camp of Rogues.

Carad. Faith, and her clothes are as anti-
ent a petticree as thine, her fery Dublet is
coshen sherman to utter *Pandragon* Sherken,
or else *Caradock* is a fery rogue by Saint
Taffie.

Pen. You shall not thus contend, who shall
be Captain;

I'll do'r my self, Come follow me brave
Souldiers.

Burn. I faith! the is a brave Virago mon.
Carad. By St. *Taffie*, she is an *Amshon*,
a *Debra*,

*A Brumder, a Joan of Oleanse,
Pucelle de Dieu, a Mall Carpenter, a Long-may
of Westminster.*

Ter. She shall be te Captain, for all tee, or
any odder in England.

Hig. Whips on you all! follow the Fe-
mine gender?

Fight under th' Ensigne of a Petticoat?
An act unworthy such brave Spirits as we:
Remember our old Vertues, shall we forget
Our ancient Valours? Shall we in this one
action

Stain all our honour, blur our reputations:
Can men of such high fortunes daign to stoop
To such dishonourable teims? How can our
thoughts

Give entertainment to such low designs?
My spirits yet are not dissolv'd to whey,
I have no soule, so poor as to obey,
To suffer a smock rampant to conduct me.

Brun. Aise thou's keep a murthering man-
dring mon, I'll gang to Edinborow. The
Deill lead your army for *Brun*, aies no medle,
Adieu, adieu.

Carad. Ah *Brun*! Blerawhee, blerawhee.

Ter. Ah *Brun*, *Brun*! Shulecrogh, fether
vilt thou, fether vilt thou?

Brun. VVhat yaw doing mon to call *Brun*
back; and you be fules, I'll stay no longer.

Carad. Ah *Brun*, *Brun*! shall be Captain,
by all te green Sheefe in the Moon. *Brun*
shall be Captain for *Caradock*, if her would
not give place to *Brun*; her heart were as
hard as Flint-shire.

Ter. *Brun* shall be se bestu in te company,
if tere were a tousand tousand of 'um.

Hig. I'll not resigne my right, I will be
Captain.

'Tis fit I should: (Hach not my valour oft
Been try'd, at *Bridewell* and the *Whipping-
post*?)

Pen. Let *Higgen* then be Captain, his
sweet tongue
And powerfull rhetoric may perswade the
Rout.

Carad. Cats plutter a nailes, *Higgen* shall
be Captain for her Ears; yet *Caradock* will
be valiant in spighe of her Teeth.

Ho brave Captain *Higgen*!

Om. *Higgen*, a *Higgen*, a *Higgen*.

Hig. So then Souldiers, follow your Lea-
der: Valiant *Brun*

Lead you the Rear; you *Termock* shall com-
mand

The Regiment of Foot. Generous *Caradock*
Have you a care of the Left-wing.

Carad. O disparagement to her repun-
ation! *Brun*! hush Coshen look the whing,
Think you her will flee away. Her will stand
to it tooth and naile, while there be skin and
bones in her pelly.

Brun. Let the Army gang to the Deill.
Aies no medle.

Ter. Stay tere man; vat you doe *Brun*?

Hig. My brave comradocs, Knights of the
ter'd Fleece,

Like Falstaffs Regiment, you have one shirt
among you.

Well seen in plundring money for the Ale-
house.

Such is the fruit of our Domestick broiles,
We are return'd to ancient Poverty

Yet (seeing we are lowlie) let us shew our
breeding.

Come, though we shrug, yet lets not leave our
calling:

Leutenants Rampant, bravely all train'd up
At the well skil'd Artillery of *Bridewell*;

March on brave souldiers, you that neer
turn'd back

To any terror but the Beadles whip.

Brun. St. Andrew, St. Andrew.

Car. St. Tassie, St. Tassie.

Hig. St. George, St. George.

Ter. St. Patrick, St. Patrick.

Pen. Saints are discarded.

But *Andrew*, *Tassie*, *George*, and *Patrick* too
May the whol messe of them be all propitious!

Hig. If any do resist us, let us throw
Our Crutches at them. I have here

An etrapy. Sleeve to strike our all their teeth,
Besides a mankin to wipe all our wounds.

Be valiant, and as car't the *Spanish* Cobler
Injoyn'd his eldest sonne upon his death-bed;

See you do nothing, that may ill beseeen
The Families you come of; let not the ashes

Of your dead Ancestours blush at your dis-
honours;

Encrease your glory of your House; for me
I'll ne're disgrace my noble Progenie.

Carad.

Car. *Caradock* disgrath her Petticoe ? No, by St. *Prutus* bones ; her will fight till her stand, while tere be legs in her heels. If her be killed, her will not run away.

Brum. Aies gar away ? Aies not budge a foot by St. *Andrew*.

Ter. *Termock* disgrath his fadders and mudders ? *Termock* will stand while tere be breath in his breech.

Act. 3. Scen. 2.

Carion, *Clodpole*, *Lackland*, *Stiff*, *Scrape*-
all, to them.

Carion whips them. *they run.*

Pen. *Higgen*, *Scandebeeg*, *Tamberlain*, grand *Captain Higgen*.

Hig. Souldiers shift for your selves, VVe are all routed.

Pen. Is this you would not disgrace your noble Progeny ?

Hig. My Ancestors were all footmen, Running away will not disgrace my Progeny.

Exit.

Carad. O disgrath to peat St. *Tassie's* cothen ! Use the true British no petter ?

Pen. *Caradock*, will you and your Lice disgrath her Progeny ? The Vermin of *Her* and *Troilus* would not do so for all *Achilles* Myrmidons.

Car. Her do follow her petticoe from head to foot ; Her Grandfire *Eneas* ran away before.

Exit. Carad.

Brum. Marry ill tide thee mon, use a mon of our Nation no better.

Pen. Generous *Brum*, I thought you would not have budg'd a foot by St. *Andrew*.

Brum. VVhat of that woman ? Aies no endure Poverty,

The *Scots* love mickle wealth better then so.

Exit. Brum.

Pen. VVill *Termock* too disgrath his Fadder and Mudders ?

Ter. *Termock* runs for tē credit of his heels to look the Reshimment of foot.

Ex. Ter.

Pen. Now, wo is me, wo is my Poverty ! That can finde grace or mercy in few places.

What shall I doe ? If my whole Army flie, I must run too, if I stay here, J die.

Exit. Pen.

Act. 3. Scen. 3.

Carion and the Rusticks, Clodpole, Stiffe, &c.

Car. So now you see *Carion* for his valour may compare with *Don Quixot* or the mirror of chiv'ry. Come, come along you old fortunate Rascals, you that in the dayes of Queen *Richard* fed upon nothing but barley-broth and puddings, you shall be rich you rogues all of you, feed hard at the Councel-table.

How daintily wilt thou become a scarlet Gown, when such poore snakes as I shall come with Cap and Knee, How does your good Lordship ? Did your Honour sleep well to night ? How does Madam *Kate* and Madam *Cist*, have their Honours any morning-milk-cheese to sell ? Will it please your Lordship to command your servant to be drunk in your honours-wine-feller ? Your Honours in all duties, and so J kisse your Honour's hand.

Clod. Thou shalt kisse my Honours mile. Then will I again say, Fellow, how does thy honorable Lord ? tell him he does not congenerate from the noble family he comes of : I would have some consabilitation with him concerning a hundred of his Lordships pitchforks. But I am going to the Bench, and with the Committee to sirk up the proud Priests before us, and humble the Country. Tell him Madam *Kate* is as sound as a Kettle : thou shouldst have concourst with her Ladship, but she is skimming her Milk-bowls, and melting her dripping-pans as buise as a body-louse. Now fellow go into my wine-cellar to play on my sack-buts, and take no care for finding the way out again. But sirrah, see you drink my Honours health : you see I can tell whar belongs to Lordships, and what is more to good manners. But what's the newes a-broad, my honest *Coranto* *Silo novo sub sim pauper*.

Car. I know not whar to say, but that my master

master is Emperor of *Constantinople*, a second *Tamberlain*; we shall have nothing but glory, *Beefe* and *Bajazets* in every Cup-board. *Plutus* has left stumbling; the puppy is nine dayes old, and can see perfectly. *Gramercy Esculapius!* tis pity but thou shouldst have a better beard than *Apollo* thy father. *O Esculapius*, the very Pulvis of Surgeons, and Urinal of Physicians!

Clod, Vaith neighbours, then let us make bone-fires; this newes is as sweet as *Zugar-zoppa*. (He sings.)

My Jane and I full right merrily, this jolliry will avouch,

To witness our mirth upon the green earth, together we'll dance a clatter-de-pouch. clatter-de-pouch, clatter, &c.

Lack. And then will I kisse thy *Kate* and my *Cisse*, as soon as I rise from my couch. The wenches ile tumble and merrily jumble, Together we'll dance a clatter-de-pouch.

Cho. clatter-de-pouch, clatter-de- &c.

Car. Ile kisse if I can our *Dary-maid Nan*, Together we'll billing be found;

Let every slouch dance clatter-de-pouch, Together we'll dance a Sellengers round.

Lack. J will not be found at Sellengers round, although thou do call me a slouch, *Banks*'s horse cannot prance a merrier dance. Then rumbling and jumbling a clatter-de-pouch, clatter-de- &c.

Cho. Then rumbling &c.

Exeunt Clodpole, Lackland.

Enter Mrs. Chremylus, MABEL CARION.

Mrs. Here's rumbling and jumbling indeed. I was spinning my daughter a new smock, and they keep such a noise I cannot sleep for um. Passion o' my heart, I wonder what news there is abroad, and why that knave *Carion* makes no more haste home.

Car. Now will I be an Emperor, and condemn my Mistress.

Mrs. *Carion*, what news *Carion*?

Car. I cannot answer them to day, com-

mand the Embassadors to attend our will to-morrow.

Mrs. Why *Carion*, I say!

Car. Go give him my gold-chain and pretious jewel.

Mrs. What are you mad?

Car. And a rich cup-board of my daintiest plate.

VVell, let me see what it will cost me now, For to maintain some forty thousand men in arms against the *Turks*.

Mrs. *Sister*, do you know your self?

Car. Suppose I lend some twenty thousand millions.

Mrs. Some twenty thousand puddings.

Car. And send two hundred saile to conquer *Spain*, and *Ruperts* too, and fright the *Inquisition*

Out of their wits—

Mrs. If any be our more than thou, tis be changed.

Car. The King of *Poland* does not keep his word;

And then my Tenants for my Custom-house Are twenty hundred thousand pounds behind hand.

In Haberdashers-Hall, or the Ile of Tripoly.

Mrs. Take that for your *Haberdashers-hall*, or *Ile of Tripoly*.

(she cuffs him)

Car. Traitors; my guard! where are my Beef-eaters? O my old *Mrs*. was it you? why, are you not drunk with mirth? I was in good hope ere this to have seen you reeling in a French hood. *VVell*, have at your old petticoat, *Madam*, I have hews will ravish you, my dainty *Madam*; a bushel of unmeasurable joy.

Mrs. Then prethee tell thy comfortable message; and if it tickle me in the telling, I will give thee a pair of high-shoes more than thy quarters wages.

Car. Listen then while I anatomise my whole discourse from the head to the heel.

Mrs. Nay good *Carion*, not to the heel.

Car. But I will, though your heel were a *Polonian*, or a *French heel*, which is the fashion.

Mrs. Nay do not molest me, *Carion*, I am

very squeamish, and may chance have a qualm come over my stomach.

Car. Then I begin. First we came to the god leading *Plutus*, then most miserable, but now as happy as *Fortunatus* his Night-cap. First we made him a Dipper, we duckt him over head and ears in water, we made him an Anabaptist.

Mrs. Alas poor soul, 'twas enough to have put him into an ague; one would not have used a Water-spaniel more unmercifully.

Car. No, nor a curst quean in a tucking-hood, Mrs. You see what creatures these dippers are. I warrant when the young Lasses were a dipping, the blind Rogue could see that well enough. Well, Mrs. coming to the Temple of *Esculapius*, where all the stars flood furnish with reaking pasties and hot pippin-pies, 'twas such sweet religion, my mouth watered at it. Just upon the hearth they were beathing a great black-pudding, to lay the gods stomach till breakfast. Here we laid *Plutus* in a cradle and rockt him asleep.

Mrs. O the folly of such Simpletons, lay a wild man in a cradle!

Car. And why not? is he not a child the second time? Next, every man made his own bed: the liberal god allowed us fresh peace-braw.

Mrs. And was there no more lame and impudent creatures at this Spittle-house?

Car. Of all sorts, mistress. There was a young heire newly crept out his wardship, that had been sick of a young Lady three years and upwards.

Mrs. Just as I am of, *Cosmopolita*. Sirra, seeing you are of good parts and properties, you may presume to come sometimes into my bed-chamber.

Car. No mistress, the Dary-maid shall serve my turn. Next was a pretty waiting-wench, that with dreaming of her Lord, was fallen into a terrible Green-sickness.

Mrs. Now by my holidame, I could have cured that my self; if she be troubled with the maidenhead-grief, I can give her as quick deliverance as any *Esculapius* in Europe.

Car. Many Lawyers were troubled with the itch in their fingers; many young Heires in a consumption; burst Citizens so over-swell'd with interest-mony, that they were in danger of breaking; many Treasurers, Séquestrators and Receivers came for help, for they had received so much monies, that they had lost their eye-sight, and could not see to make accounts: there were Townsmen came to have their brow-antles knockt off, Presbyterians for the Directory, Cavies for the Service-book; some Tradelmen and Scholars, that had long sed upon costive Usurers, being much bound, came to the Temple to be made soluble.

Mrs. Nay, if he be so good at it, Ile go and see if he can cure me of my corns; they vex me so wonderfully, I cannot sleep for 'em.

Car. Marry Iove forbid, mistress! should your corns be cured, how should my master do for an Almanack to foretell the weather? *Pind, Booker, Allstree, Jessy Neeve* Gent. nay not *Melchius Anglicus*, are not half so good Astronomers as your Landlady's propheticque toes.

Mrs. Make it be so, I shall have him two pence a year, rather then put him to the charges of an Almanack. But was there any more?

Car. Yes these were many Country-lobs, that having inherited the glory-bacon of their Milk-maids favours, were fain to repair to the next Alehouse for purgations. Deaf Scriveners came for their eares, Silenc'd Ministers to be cured of dumbness; many Scholes of Colledges, whose gowns having been sick divers years of the scurf, desired the god to do them the grace as to change the colour of that disease into the black-jandies.

Mrs. And did he cure them all?

Car. All but *Neotides*, a blind fellow, and yet such an arrant thief, that he stole all things he set his eyes on. To proceed, the Monk put out the fellow-rapers, bid us sleep, and what he ever hearing we heard to see and say nothing. There we slept soundly, and in the honour of *Esculapius* mortified with devoutly. Marry I could not sleep, for there was an old woman with a pitcher of pease-porridge

porridge at her head lay next to me. Now I had a great zeal to devour the delicious pillow: but putting forth my hand, I espied the bald Friar eating the religious cakes, and cracking of the consecrated nuts. So I thinking it a peece of divine charity, studied how to cheat the old Beldame.

Mrs. O sacrilegious Varlet! wert not a-fraid of the god?

Car. Yes, lest he might cosen me of my pease-porridge. The woman perceiving me put forth her hand: then I sell a hissing like a *Winchester-goose* on *S. Georges diagon*; she woman snatcht back her fangs, and for very fear smelt like the perfume of a Polecat: in the interim I sup up the porridge; and my belly being full, I laid my bones to rest.

Mrs. And did not the god come yet?

Car. O mistress, now comes the jest: when the god came neer me, my devotions a *posteriori* sent him forth most ridiculous orisons; the Pease-broth in me was so windy that I thought I had an *Aeolus* in my belly; my eyes wobbled, and on the sudden evaporated a clap or two of most unmanly thunder, the very noise of it broke all the Titians in the Spittle-house, and saved *Esculapius* the labour of casting *Iphiger's* waver; it frighted his poor Apotheary out of his wits, as he was making *Satura* a glister; and for the smell, *Panacea* told her father, that she was sure it could not be frankincense.

Mrs. Yes, but was not the god angry that you kept your backside no closer?

Car. Who he! 'Tis such a nasty *Numen*, he would be glad if your close-stool were his almshouse, that he might feed upon your meat at second hand.

Mrs. Nay, but leave your windy discourse, and proceed with your tale.

Car. At length two snakes appeared, and lickt *Plutus's* eyes; then *Esculapius* beating *Ayus* his head in a mortar, tempered it with a look beyond *Lethy*, well minced with the roasted apple of his eye: the whole confection boild in a pint of chaffalline humour, which being drops into his eye with the feather of a peacocks tail, he recovered his sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Mrs. But how came the god of wealth blind?

Car. How! Because Honesty is like a Puck-fist; he never met it but once, and it put out his eyes: besides, the rich Rogue had too many Pearls in his eyes.

Mrs. And what are we the better now his eye-sight is restored?

Car. Why thus: None but honest people shall grow rich now; there's the wonder; my master *Chremylus* shall be an Earl, and you from the Cream-pot of Rusticity shall be churn'd into the honourable Buxter of a Countesse.

Mrs. Nay, they were wont to call me Countesse before: and I shall do well enough for a Countesse, I warrant you. I thank my stars, I can spin as fine a thread for woollen, as any Countesse in England. Well *Carus*, now I am a Countesse, Mrs. Ficar shall not sit above me in the Church; I will have a fine a stampel-Peticoat and rich Stomacher as the proudest of them all. Pruthee *Carus* go to the Goldsmith, buy me a ring, and let it be well enamell'd.

Car. You would say enamell'd. But Mrs. what will you do now?

Mrs. I will go in to present the gods new Eyes with a basket of Pippins and a dozen of Churchwardens.

Exit Mrs.

Enter *Plutus*, *Chremylus*.

Plut. Good morrow to the morn new to my gold:

First bright *Apollo*, I salute thy rayes,
And next the earth, *Minerva's* sacred land.
Truly *Cecropian* soile, *Athenian* city.
How my soule blisshes and with grief remembers

My miserable blindness! wretched *Plutus*,
Whose hood-winkt ignorance made my gully feet

Stumble into the company of Rascals,
Informers, Sequestrators, Penifoggers,
Grave Coxcombs, Sycophants and unconscionable Coridons,
And Citizens whose fall Conscience weigh'd too light

In their own scales, claim'd by a principal Charter

The Cornucopia proper to themselves.
When good just men, such as did venture
lives

For Countries safety and the Nations honour,
Were paid with their own wounds, and
made those scars

VWhich were accounted once the marks of
honour,

The miserble priviledge of begging,
Scarce to have lodging in an Hospitall.
And those whose labors suffer nightly throes
To give their teeming brains deliverance
To enrich the land with learned merchandise
The sacred Traffique of the soule, rich wife-
dome;

Starve in their studies, and like moathes de-
voure

The very leaves they read, scorn'd of the Vul-
gar,

Nay, of the better sort too many times,
As if their knowledge were but learned wick-
ednesse,

And every Smug could preach as well as they:
Nay, as if men were worse for Academies,
But all shall be amended. I could tell

A tale of horror, and unmask foule actions;
Black as the night they were committed in:
I could unfold a *Lerna*; and with proofs
As clear as this deer light, could testifie
How I unwilling kept them company.

Chor. O heaven forbid! what wicked
things are these?

Yet such there be, that flock into my com-
pany,

In swarms as if they would devour me quick,
That throng so fast, as if they'd crowd my
soule

Out of her house of clay: while every man
Employs his supple hams, and oily tongue
To fained complements and importunate ser-
vice.

I could not walk th' Exchange to day, but
straight

Each head was bare, every officious knee
Bowed to my honour, and enquired my
health;

And which is more intolerable, snow-white-
heads,

VVhose every hair seem'd died in innocence.
VVith that one leg which was not yet i'th'
grave,

Croucht like so many Tapsters. These
Spring-tide friends,
These swarming Flies, bred by the summers
heat;

Should but adversities black cloud appear,
VVith lowering looks, threatening a winters
storm,

Farewell my summers swallow: these are
friends

To *Cremylus* cupboard, and affect I see
My Oysters and my Puddings, 'tis not me.

Exit.

Enter Mrs. Cremylus.

Mrs. Marry gods blessing oth' thy soule!
Now a hundred good morrows to thy eyes.
I have brought thee a dish of Pearmaine and
Pippins, with a dish of Lordings and Lady-
apples, and some of our country fruit, half a
score of Russetings,

Plut. O 'tis unfit, my eye-sight being re-
stored,
To accept a kindenesse till I have bestowed
one.

Mrs. Marry and muff! I can be as stout as
you if I please. Do you scorn my kindenesse?

Plut. Apples and Nuts, well ear 'um by
the fire,

VVhere the rude audience shall not laugh at
us:

'Twere an absurdity in a Comick Poet
To make a muffle of sweetmeats on the Stage,
Throwing a handfull of ridiculous Nuts
To catch the popular breath and ignorant
praise

Of preaching Coblers, Carmen, Tinkers,
Taylors.

Mrs. Nay, 'tis e'en true, the good old
Gentleman speaks very wisely; you may be-
lieve him, if you please. I'll be sworn, this
morning, the *Lay-Chorle*, while they were
a preaching at *Bell-alley* in *Colemanstreet*, I
came by with my basket; the hungry Ras-
cals in pure zeal had like to eat up my Gin-
ger-bread, had there not been Popish pi-
ctures upon it; I had much ado to keep
them from scrambling my Apples too, had
not the sets of my old Ruffe lookt like so ma-
ny Organ-Pipes and frighted them. But

E a faith,

faith rake-hels, (and you mend not your manners) I'll complain to Mr. *Goodwin* and the 'mittees too. Come in good Gentleman, though I have never a tooth in my head, yet I'll crack Nuts with my Gums but I'll bear thee company,

Excusambo.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Act 4. Scen. I.

Caron Solus.

Ca. To be rich is the daintiest pleasure in the world; especially, to grow rich without venturing the danger of *Tiburn* or Whipping. Every Cupboard is full of Castards, the Hog-heads replenished with sparkling Sacks. The yeriest *Gippo* in the house will not drink a degree under Muscadine. All the Porredges are arrant *Barbary* gold. All the Vessels in the house, from the Basin and Ewer to the Chamber-pot and Vinegar-bottle, are of *Middletons* silver. The Kitchen and Buttery is entire Ivory, the very parry of the Elephants tooth. The Sink is paved with the rich Rubies, and incomparable Carbuncles of *Sir John Oldcastle's* Nose. The Conduit runs as good Rose-water as any is in *Aristotels* Well. The Dish-cloths are cloath of Tissue, and from the skirts of every Scullion drop melting streames of Amber grease. We the poor servants play at Even and Odd with arch-angels, and at Crosse and Pile for Jacobusses, in a humour, to out *Philip* the King of Spain. My Master is sacrificing a Sow, a Goat, and a Ram for joy; But I could not endure the house, there is such a smook from the reaking of the roast; that though it please my stomach, my eyes are offended with it.

Enter Gogle and his Boy carrying his Shoes and Cloke.

Gog. Boy follow me, for I have a zeale to be rich;

My devotion leads me in the righteous path

To *Plutus* god of wealth. Prophane poverty is a Carthusian, and a grand delinquent, One o'th' malignant party up in arms Against the well-affected.

Car. Say Brother, who are you, whose righteous Shoes conduct you hither?

Gog. *Ananias Gogle*, verily.

A devout Brother, that hath oft been plundered

By wicked persecution: but last night My dreaming spirit foretold I should be rich And happy made by Revelation.

Ca. *Gogle*, *Gogle*, a *Geneva* brother Of sanctified snuffing, a pure Elder Oth' precise cut, or else past Ordinances.

Gog. No, but a zealous Saint of *Amsterdam*,

Whose Nose is forward to promote the cause; Crosses are Romish Idols, yet misfortune Has put so many dismal Crosses on me, Till every crosse was spent and sent away On superstitious Pilgrimages: he upon't, That zeal and ignorance should be convictible.

Car. What would you have, dear brother for I think

I have heard you Exercise at *Bell-alley*.

Gog. 'Tis true, but yet

I come to *Plutus* Conventicle now,

'Tis he can cure my troubles, he brings joy

To the fraternity of *Amsterdam*,

To the *Geneva* brotherhood, and the Saints

Whose pure detortions feed on *Bainbury* Cakes;

He can restore my wealth, give me abundance

Of holy Gold and Silver purified,

Increase my talents spent upon the Sisters,

That I may thrive again as did my father.

That reverent Saint *Gogle*, *Patient Hypomack*

A holy Taylor and a venerable Parson.

Ca. Say Brother, may a Taylor be a Parson?

Gog. 'Tis very fit: For first, his sacred Parchment

Can take the measure of Religion;

And from the Cloth of a good Conscience

Make up a Suit for honest Conversation:

Sewed with the thred of Goodnesse, Kirchie i'th' Seams.

With twisted Silk of Piety and Innocence;

Lined

Lined with good Thoughts and charitable Actions;

The sacred threads and snips of holy Carley
May chance to mend the Garments of the
Righteous;

If Satan come to rend their guiltlesse robes.
Car. But were you not in miserable condition,

Before that *Plutus* came to speak amongst
you?

He speaks with golden eloquence, believe't:
For now your zealous bags are full again
With holy silver, and good Brotherly gold;
You cannot fall to desperation,
Having to many Angels to defend you.

Gog. Yea certes: therefore now I find
god *Plutus*

Has made me Collector of his contributions.
I must needs thrive, therefore I take occasion
To give the god the greatest gratulation.

Car. But tell me, zealous brother, why
doth that boy

Carry that Saint-like Cloak, and upright
Shoes?

Gog. Cloaks are for Saints; they preach
in Cloaks all now;

Gowns are all Popes: no Sermons without
Cloaks.

This holy Cloak and I these thirteen years
Have freez'd together, and these upright
Shoes;

Not upright once, till their ungodly soles
That always went awry, were rightly mended
By a religious conscionable Cobler,

With Leather liquor'd in most zealous tears.
These shoes, I say, ten winters and three
more

Have traced the Conventicles of the Bre-
thren.

These shoes, this Cloak I come to dedicate
To *Plutus*, in requital of his kindnesse.

Car. What, your shoes come for Confe-
cration?

Gog. Now lie upon your Popish Confe-
cration!

This Cloak is not a rag of Babylon.
Foster these as Presents: this same is
A well-affected Cloak; and zealous shoes,
Never prophaned with irreligious toes.

Such precious gifts they are, such devout
presents,

He cannot but accept them verily.

Enter Never-good.

Neu. O hone a cree o hone!
My empty purse and belly weep for sorrow,
And every string and gut poures lamenta-
tions.

I was a Sequestrator once, and used
To find occasions of Delinquencie
Committed against the State, like a Pro-
mooter.

But now my guts have sequestred my belly,
And let it out to others. Wretched state
Of them that die in famine! But in me
Jerusalem's dearth is here epitomiz'd.

Car. Garret Offle-bridge was down,
welladay, welladay.

Neu. As I was wont to inform against
Malignants,

So now my guts give informations
Against my teeth and stomach. Wretched

Never-good!
I now must pine and starve at Pennyleffe-
Bench,

Who starved Orphans and delinquent Pri-
soners,

Like a Committees Marshal. Now I see
VWhat 'tis to want a little honestie.

Oh that the Philosophers truly had defin'd
The Moon Green-Cheese! I would desire
the man

That dwells in such a blessed habitation,
To roste me one poor peece before I die;

That for my Epitaph men might write this
Note,

Our Sequestrator had a VVellth-nians throte.

Gog. Now verily I find by revelation,
This is a Varlet of no honest fashion;

VWho 'cause he had no honest occupation,
Is falln into most wretched tribulation.

Neu. O hunger, hunger! Now good sky
fall quickly,

Or I shall die ere it rain Larks. VWho could
Endure to have his goods confiscate thus

By the blind puppy *Plutus*! VWell, young
Cerberus,

Ile hire the Furies to pull out thy eyes,
And once more put thee to the trade of stum-
bling.

Ca. This is a Rascal deserves to ride up
Holborn,

And take a pilgrimage to the triple-tree,
To dance in Hemp *Dericks Cavanto*;
Lets choke him with Welch Parsley.

Nev. Good friend be mercifull, choke me
with Puddings and a Rope of Sauages,
And I wil thank you here and after death;
For I shall die I fear for want of choaking.
VVhere is the god that promised golden
mountains

T'enrich us all: is this the gold he gives me?
He has not left me coyn enough to purchase
A maffe of Portage, like my brother *Efan*.
Empson and *Dudley*, happy were you two
Being the prime Sequestrators of your age,
That you were hang'd before this day of fa-
mine.

I pine and starve, live to outlive my self,
Turn Ghost before J die. Blinde fornicator
Plutus hath sequestred the Sequesterator.

Gog. I tell thee out of zeal to th' Cause
thou lyest.

Nev. So my good zealous Brother of ig-
norance,
And what sayes your *Amsterdam Nose*? you
think

That every man turns Factor for the Divel,
A Reprobate, that comes not every night
To hear your fine reformed Basket-maker
Preach in his VVicker Pulpit: you shall not
think

To have my money thus, you shall not think
it.

Prate any longer here, mutter again,
And J will make thy pretty Brotherly soule
Come snuffling through thy sanctified no-
strils.

Ca. *Nevergood*, J know was always fierce

Nev. Yes indeed sir, for now my Panch is
empty;

Jde have you know, J have an excellent sto-
mach.

Ca. J will do what J can to make this flesh
To have a Combat with this furious spirit.

Ananias Gogle, do you see this Heretick
How he triumphs against the Lay-preaching

Brother-hood?

Go to him man, and beat him.

Gog. 'Tis a strong Reprobate. He would
sequester me

VVere J not for the Cause. J will not touch
him,

He will defile my purest hands; he is
A lump of vile corruption. Breathe th' other
way;

Thy very breath's infectious, and it smells
As if thou hadst caught the Pox of the Whore
of *Babylon*.

Nev. So sir, you dare not fight,

Gog. J will not fight. It is thy policy to
have me fight,

That J might kill thee, and pollute my hands
VVith swinish blood. No, no, J will not fight
To make my self unsanctified.

J will dispute with thee, Nose against nose,
And valiantly J dare to snuffle with thee,
In the defence of silver-purified.

Nev. Would *Plutus* had no better Cham-
pion to defend him!

Then such as onely snuffle in the Cause.
J would presume by my own proper valour
To make a breach into the strongest Cup-
board,

Were it as strong as *Basing-house* or *Eristol*.

Gog. Avant thou Synagog of iniquity,
J see thou art oth' Popish tribe: Necessity
Does make thy Guts take Purgatory pen-
nance,

Brings thee to shrift and shift, makes thy
teeth observe

Unconscionable Fridayes, prophane fasting-
dayes,

VVith Lent and Antichristian Emberweeks.

Nev. Tis much against my conscience, my
devotion

Lies toward the Kitchen. If J change my faith,
J will turn far Presbyter or Anabaptist.

J never loved this heresie of fasting,

Plutus has put me out of Commons. Yet my
Nose

Smells the delicious odour of Roast-beef.

Ca. VVhat dost thou smell?

Nev. J say, J smell some Cavaliers Roast-
beef.

Ca. Out on thee Varlet, J warrant thou'dst
fain sequester it,

If the despair of dining vex thee thus,
I can acquaint thee with a liberrall Duke
That keeps an open house.

Neu. I charge thee by the love thou bearest
thy stomach,

By all the happinesse of eating puddings,
And every Pie thou meanest to eat at Christ-
masse, To tell me who—

Gog. Now out upon thee for a roguish He-
retick!

Is not a Christmas, tis a Nativity Pie.
That superstitious name, I know, is banish'd
Out of all *England*, Holley and Ivie too.

Car. VVhy? go to *Pauls*, Duke *Humphrey*
wants a guest;

If his Rooms now be clean from Souldiers
Horfe-dung,

There you may stay and walk your bellyful:
Bid your self welcome, never pay your Ordi-
nary,

Nor say no Grace, but thank your self for
hunger.

Neu. O misery of men, that I the health
And lover of my Country should thus pine
And die for want of Porridge! See yon
Chimney,

VVhat sweet perfumes, what comfortable
smoke

It breaths; that very smoke doth smel of
Mutton.

VVell, I shall die, and all the Worms will
curse me

For bringing so lean a carcase to the grave,
Gog. Answer to me.

Neu. VVhat, to those narrow Breeches?

Gog. Do not prophane my Breeches. For
these Breeches

I tell thee were in fashion in the Primitive
Church.

Answer to me.

Neu. VVhat will you Catechise me?

Gog. Art thou a Farmer?

Neu. No, heaven forbid, I am not mad,
To live by Dung and Horfe-turds.

Gog. Art thou a Merchant?

Neu. Faith I can walk the Exchange,
Put on an *Indian* face, spit *China* fashion,
Discourse of new-found VVorlds, call *Drake*
a Gander,

Ask if they heare news of my Fleet of Ships

That sail'd by land through *Spain* to the *Antipodes*

To fetch *Westphalia* Bacon. I can discourse
Of shorter wayes to th' *Indies*, spend my judg-
ment

On the plantation of the Summer Isles,
Censure *Guiana* Voyage, deam of ploss;

To bring *Agier* by shipping unto *Dover*.
Then of Prince *Rupert's* ships, and how the

Pope
May make *St. Dunstan* draw the Devil to th'
Peak,

To make him kisse his own Breech.
This can I talk with Merchants, in the close

Invite my self to Dinner at their houses,
And borrow money ne're to be repaid

Till the return of my silver Fleet from *Persia*.
Gog. Now fie upon thee, hast thou no vo-
cation,

No honest calling? then art thou not a Law-
yer?

Neu. No faith, I am not; yet know a trick
To bring my neighbours into needlesse suits,

And undertake their actions: make 'um pay
For such a motion! at the Dogs-head savers!

A mark or two; disburse a peece or two
For Affidavits at the Mitre: sell 'um

For twenty shillings an *Injunction*,
VVrits of *Rebellion*, *Chantry*, *Deceits*,

A Nisi prius, or a *Latitat*.

Car. Poor souls, they have very hard words
for their money.

Neu. When this is done, I sit and laugh at
them:

Then they may buy a VVrit of *Execution*
And go and hang themselves. For I feed on
them

All the Term long, live with them in *Yasa-*
nion,

Cheating them by Bills of Return: vied all
Gog. Vile Rascal, hast thou no other shift?

Neu. Faith yes, sometimes I feed on
One and twenties, cheat young

Heirs,
Bringing them acquainted with some cornea-

ing Scrivener,
To ease them of the burthen of too much

earth.
Sometimes I woe old widows, go a suiting

Unto the thirds of an Aldermans estate

Some.

Hey for Honesty,

Sometimes prick up my self & grow familiar
VVith the proud wealthy Citizens wanton
wives,

And by the fortune of my back maintain
Both back and belly.

Gog. O sink of sin, and boggards of corruption!

Hast thou no honest calling?

New. Yes I have; I know a trick to snuffle
at *Bell-Ally*,

Raile at the Steeple-houses, and the Popish
Bishops,

And the Tithe-scraping Priests, Sir-John-
Presbyters.

Gog. Out on thee Villain, foe to the holy
Cassocks.

I do remember thee in the Archbishops time,
Thou madest me stand ich Popish pillory

VVith *Prim* and *Emson*, only for speaking
A little sanctified treason.

Car. But we will be reveng'd; we'll have
him drag'd

Through all the town by Alewives, and then
hang'd up:

Upon a Sign-post, for conspiring with
Sir *Giles Monpesons*, in the persecution
Of innocent Tapsters.

Gog. Come, seeing he has no zeale nor
ardent love,

Let's strip him naked, till he freeze & grow
As cold as Charity.

New. VVhat will you plunder me? where's
thine own warrant Ho?

Do, sanctified thieves, plunder: yet I shall
survive

To see my little Anabaptist come

To his twelve Godfathers, thenot to the
Ladder;

VVhere having nosed a tedious Psalm or two
The holy lamp must gird your sanctified

Whistle-pipe,

VVhile you in honour of the righteous cause
VVith a wry-mouth salute the soules at *Pad-*
dington,

And run a *Tyburn-Saine*.

Gog. Pull off his profane and irreligious
Doublet,

Anathematize his Breeches, excommunicate
His impious Shirt: there's not a rag about
him,

But is heretical, full of Babylon lice,
Like the foul smock of *Austria*.

New. So, do it if you dare: that I may
live

To see your fine precise *Geneva*-Breeches
Hang in the Hang-mans wardrobe. Ho bear
witness.

Car. Nay faith your witness is not here:
a Mandrake

Has frighted him: the hue and cry was up
'Twas time to trust the safety of his neck

Unto the swiftnesse of his heels. Come, come,
Uncase. So now *Ananias Gogle*

Lend me your cloak to cloak this Sycophant.

Gog. My cloak! his Romish car-kasse shall
not be arraid

In these pure innocent robes: shall any ba-
rards

Of the vile generation of Pope *Joan* x
Defile my cloak, that has these thirteen years

VViped my beloved nose, whose very snout
Is reverent by the brethren? No, he may
bring

These garments to the Masse, prophane tuit
there,

And make my cloak a reprobate, and commit
Adultery with the seven hills: besides,

He is an Idol; and I verily think
It were idolatry to let this cloak

Embrace a Pagan. No good cloak, nere turn
Apostate from the faith of *Amsterdam*.

Good cloak, be not a-kin to *Julians* jerkin:
Though thou be thred-bare, thou shalt nere

be turn'd;

No, no, 'tis fitter *Plutus* have thee.

Car. No, *Plutus* shall have this, 'tis fresh
and new:

Your cloak is thred-bare; your too fervent
zeale

Has almost made it tender.

Gog. What, *Plutus* have his cloak! Oh
'tis the skin

Of a pernicious snake. O Popery!
A profane Cope, or the Levitical smock,

I mean a Surplisse, is not more unlawful.

Car. As it is now: But wipe your nose
on't thrice;

'Tis sanctified; you know the brotherly snout
Has enthusiastique operations in't.

Gog.

Gog. I am persuaded. Let him have it then.

But what shall be decreed of my upright
 in his shoes?

Car. We'll hang them on his head: How
 his Brow-articles

Become their furniture! By S. Hughes bones,
 He looks like the very ghost of a shoemakers
 shop.

Gog. O swear not by St. Hugh, that cano-
 niz'd Cobler.

Come holy brother, let us drag him hence.

Neu. Do, Scoundrels, do: but if I once
 come a lequitting,

Ile go to Dr. Faustus, true son and heir

To Belzebub, whom the great Devil begot

Upon a *Succubus*, on Midsummer Eve,

That Hell was sowing Fernseed. This Dr. Faustus

The *Meplastophins* of his age, the wonder

And the sole *Asmodeus* of his times,

Shall by his Necromantick skill (Fortune

my foe)

In the Black-art lend me his *Terzagant*,

Old *Almegrab*, or *Carimerepus*,

On some Familiar elfe an house or two; I no

Thence Ile to *Phlegeton*, and with him drink

A cup of Hells Flapdragon, and returning

Spice fite and brimstone into *Plutus* face,

To roast the rotten apples of his eyes: blow

With Strygian flames that I'll vomit

Exit Neu.

Gog. We fear not Dr. Faustus: his Land-

lord *Lucifer* is his

Sayer that his Lease with him is out of date;

Not will he let him longer tenant

To the twelve Houses of Astrologie.

Car. Let Dr. Faustus do his worst. Let me

see if this *Terzagant* can help you to your

Clothes again.

Enter Anus.

Car. But stay, what worm-eaten Hag is

this? Holy brother, let's away to Bo-peep,

we shall be seen else. Do you not perceive

that old Beldame of *Laplant*, that looks as

if she had fall'd whither in an egg-shell, with

a wind in the corner of her handkercher? I

am not so much afraid of Dr. Faustus, as of

that witch of *Endor*.

Exeunt Gog, Carion.

Act. 4. Scen. 3.

Anus sola.

An. Hey ho! methinks I am sick with
 lying alone last night. Well, I will scratch
 out the eyes of this rascally *Plutus* god
 of wealth, that has undone me. Alas poor
 woman! since the shop of *Plutus* his eyes
 has been open, what abundance of misery
 has befallen thee! Now the young Gallant
 will no longer kisse thee nor embrace thee:
 but thou poor widow must lie comfortless in
 a solitary pair of sheets, having nothing to
 cover thee but the lecherous Rug and the
 bawdy Blankets. O that I were young again!
 how it comforts me to remember the death
 of my maidenhead! Alas poor woman, they
 condemn old age, as if our lechery was out of
 date. They say we are cold: methinks that
 thought should make 'em take compassion of
 us, and lie with us, if not for love, for charity.
 They say we are dry: so much the more ca-
 pable of *Cupid*'s fire, while young wenches,
 like green wood, smoke before they flame.
 They say we are old: why then experience
 makes us more expert. They tell us our lips
 are wrinkled: why that is kissing makes the
 sweeter titillation. They swear we have no
 teeth: why then they need not fear biting.
 VVell, if our lease of *Lechery* be out, yet me-
 thinks we might purchase a Night-labourer
 for his dayes-wages: I will be reveng'd of
 this same *Plutus*, that wrongs the orphans,
 and is so uncharitable to the widows. Ho, ho,
 who's within here!

Enter Scrape-all.

Scrape. VVho's there?

An. A maid against her will this fourscore
 years. Goddy-godden, good father: pray
 which is the house where *Plutus* lives?

Scap. Marry follow your nose, you may
 smell out the door, my little damsel of fifteen,
 F but

but fifteen times over. In my pinion, this young Lasse would make a pretty Maid-marian in a Comedy to be presented before *Plutus*.

An. Now god save all: By your leave sweet Grandfire! J will call forth some of the house.

Scrap. VVhat need that? cannot J serve the turn?

An. No marry can you not. Nay, as old as J am, J will not bestow my widows maiden-head at second hand on such a frosty Nester. J will have *May* on *April*: J seem to commit fornication with *December*.

Scrap. Nay good *Autumn*, do not misconceive me: J ask if J could not bear in your errand or no. But the master *Chremylus* coming.

Enter Chremylus.

An. Alas good sir! J have endured the most unjust and unsufferable injuries, since *Plutus* has regained his eye-sight, as ever poor woman did since the dayes of *Queen Edmund*. Alas sir, life is not life without natural recreation.

Chr. How's this? some Promoter of the feminine gender!

An. No by my chastity, but an honest matron of *Thers-bull*, that have paid for and let there these fourscore years, yet never was so abused as now.

Chr. What abuse?

An. Unsufferable abuse, intolerable injuries.

Chr. Speak, what injuries?

An. An injury unspeakable.

Chr. VVhat is it?

An. Alas sir, tis lying alone. O the misery of lying alone! would J had been below ground ere J had seen this minute of adversity. Ah *Tynbul-Grove*, shall J never more be beholding to thy charitable shades! Ah 'twas a good world when the Nunerics stood: Oh their charitable thoughts that took so much compassion on poor women, to found such zealous bawdy-houses! Had not *Cromwel* been an Eunuch, he had never perswa-

ded the destruction of such places set up for such uses. 'Twas a good world too in the dayes of *Queen Mary*: a poor woman might have desired a kindnesse from a lusty Friar in anticlarid confession: But *Plutus* eyes are like Basilisks, they strike us dead with adversity.

Chr. VVhat ails this Skin-ful of Lechery alas poor Granam, dost thou grieve because thou wantest money to go drink with thy gosips!

An. Ah do not mock me sir: tis a dangerous love that has so enflamed my heart with Bavins of desire, that J am afraid he will make me the very bone-fire of affliction.

Chr. VVhat meant the knavish *Cupid* to set this old Chark-coal on fire?

An. He call you sir? there was a young Gallant about the town, one *Remond*.

Chr. J know him.

An. He being a younger brother, had no lands in taile-tenure, but City-widows. He was but poor; but as fine a well-favour'd Gentleman, he did me good at heart to look on him: J ministered those things he wanted, and he recompenced my kindnesse in mutual love; as J supplied his want, so he succored my necessities with all possible activity: J would not have changed him for *Stamford*, though he jump'd the best in *London*.

Chr. And what did this pretty Pimp usually beg of you?

An. Not much: for he revered me wonderfully; partly for love, but more for venerable antiquity. Sometime he would beg a Cloak.

Chr. To cover his knavery.

An. Sometimes a pair of Boots.

Chr. To exercise his horsemanship.

An. Sometimes a Peck or two of Corn.

Chr. For which he paid a bushell of affection.

An. Now and then a Kittle for his sister, a Perticor and French-hood for his mother. Not much: all the good turns J did him in the day, the conscionable Youth requir'd ere midnight.

Chr. This was nothing indeed: it seems he did reverence you, (as you say) partly for love,

me, but more for your venerable antiquity.

An. Nay, he would tell me too, that he did not ask these things for his mid-night wages, but only in love. He would not endure to wear any thing, but what I paid for, out of a secret desire to remember me.

Chr. This was infinite affection! Could he not endure to wear any thing but what you paid for? 'Twas dear love this, pretty love tricks' faith; you may see, how the wanton youth was enflam'd with your beauty.

An. I but now, the unconscionable Wag has got the same measure of respect. I sent him a Custard yesterday, and he would not accept of it, because it quaked like my worm-eaten — I sent him other sweetmeats too, but he return'd me answer, that certainly I had breath'd on them, for they smelt of my Gums. Moreover, he bid me despair of a night-labourer, and never more expect him at mid-night again. For *Plutus* has made him rich without me; adding withal, That once I was young: *Offend was once a pretty town.* The *Milesians* in the dayes of yore were valiant; and in the dayes of King *Henry* the English were sturdy fellows at the battell of *Agincourt*.

Chr. Faith, I commend the stripling for his wit. 'Tis none of the worst conditions. Now he is rich, he will have the best and plumpest Cockatrice of the City; when he was poore he was content with Porridge. There be many of that profession, that maintain themselves by hugging the skin and bones of an Aldermans widow.

An. I, but carst, he would have come every-day to my door.

Chr. Perchance a begging.

An. No, onely to hear the melody of my voice.

Chr. Like enough, It could not choose but please him to hear what excellent Musick your Jews-trump could make, now all your teeth are out.

An. If he had but seen me sad and melancholly, he would have kissed me with such a feeling of my sorrow, and have call'd me his *Chuck* and *Helena*.

Chr. 'Twas onely to have one of *Leda's* Eggs to his Supper.

An. How oft has he prais'd my fingers?

Chr. 'Twas when he lookt for something at your hands.

An. Many a time has he sworn that my skin smelt sweeter then a Musk-cat.

Chr. He meant a Pole-cat: did you not believe him? 'Twas when his Nose first smelt of *Nippasassa*, or else the perfume of your white-leather was so strong, he could not endure it.

An. O how it comforts me to remember how he would call my eyes pretty sparkling ones.

Chr. 'Twas cause they pinckt like the snuff of a Candle: Faith the Gentleman had his wits about him: he knew how to get the old wives provision, the Viaticum she had prepared to carry her to *Gravestand*.

An. Therefore, my friend, *Plutus* is to blame to promise relief, when he does us such inrolerable damages. How do you think I can endure to lie alone, when so many forrights are walking? How shall I keep off the Nightmare, or defend my self against the temptations of an *Incubus*?

Chr. Alas good Relique of antiquity! pay thy Fine and take a new Lease of Lust. Faith I pity thee; what wouldst thou have him do if he were here?

An. Marry, that since I have deserved so well of him, that he doe me one kindenesse for another. Good old Gentleman, either let him restore me my goods, or stand to his bargain. The Conditions not performed, the Obligation is of none effect: my Lawyer resolves me, I may recover of him.

Chr. *Novum universi per presentes*, your Lawyer is a Coxcomb. Did he not doe his duty every night? I warrant you, he had as lieve have tugged at an Oare as a — In my minde, he has performed his part of the Obligation.

An. But he promised never to forsake me as long as I lived.

Chr. No more he has nor; why? thou art now dead? Thy flesh is mortified, onely thy impotent lust has outlived thee a twelve moneth or two. Thou art but a meer Carricasse, nothing but Worms-meat.

An. Indeed grief has almost me't. d me

into dust and ashes. Half-purified I walk up
and down like the picture of Deaths-head in
a charnel-house. But see yonder's my Game-
ster, my Cock oth' game: he's marching to
some banquet or other: 'tis *Shaque-Tuesday*
with him, but *Lent* with me. O grief, to be
bound from flesh!

Chr. It seems he's going to a feast, by his
torch and garland.

Euter. Neanias

Nea. He kisse the old Hag no more,
She has no moisture in her:
If ever I lie with a Lasse ere I die,
It shall be a youthful sinner.

Give me a Lasse that is young,
I ask no greater blessing:
He nere lie agen with Fourscore and ten,
A carkassie not worth the preffing.

I will not imbrace her again,
To see the Town on a scoffing:
He never make more Death-widdow a
Whore,
And cuckold the innocent Coffin.

Who's this? Good morrow *Venus*, O good
morrow

Old Duck, old *Helen*! Tell me, sweet *Helen*,
How hast thou done this three thousand year
young Pullet!

How hast thou done ere since the warres of
Troy?

Has the Cuckold, *Menelaws* cast his heras?
But what old goat is this? 'Tis *Agamemnon*.
You *Agamemnon*, is your *Clytemnestra*
As old as *Helen*? Tell me, old *Helen*, tell
me,

When do the lecherous wormes and thee
begin

To act adultery in the winding-sheets?

An. What sayes my Duck; wouldst have
me go to bed?

Nea. What, my old Sweetheart! How
comest thou gray so soon?

Thou canst not be so gray; I will not suffer;
I will not be deceived, I will pull off
Thy crazing Petriwig.

An. So fit: I was not gray when I gave
you my Smock off my back to make you
Night-caps. You swore I could not be above
fifteen; when I translated my *Stramhal-*
Pettricos into the masculine gender, to
make your Worship a paire of Scarlet-
breeches.

Nea. I shall never abide an Almanack
while I live;

The *Julian* Account's an arrant Coxcombe;
But the *Bissextile* is an arrant Villain.
I will curse every *Bissextile* in the Countrey of
Europe.

Thou couldst not possibly be gray so soon,
Except a hundred Leap-years had conspired
To jump together, to make thee old
sudden.

Chr. He talks as if he had not seen you
since the Conquest:

How many Jubilees past since he was last
with you?

An. Now sic upon him! How long do you
say? 'Tis no longer then yesterday, by the
faith of a woman, since he had the fruition
of me; and swore I was as young as *He-
cuba*.

Chr. Then it is not with him as it is with
others: for being drunk, he hath the use of
his eyes more perfect then when he was
sober.

An. No, the peevish fellow, now he is
drunk, he sees double, and thinks me twice
as old as I am.

Nea. O *Neptune*, and the other gray-
bearded gods;

Can you with all the Arithmetique of heaven
Number the wrinkles of this Beldames fore-
head?

These many ruts and furrows in thy cheek
Proves thy old face to be but Champion-
ground,

Till'd with the plough of age, well muckt
with sluttery:

'Tis time for thy lust to lie fallow now.
Can any man endure to spend his youth
In kissing winters frozen lips? can vines
that

That swell with a live blood, endure th' embraces

Of such cold ice? Go and prepare thy coffin,
Think on thy winding-sheet. When I was poor,

Cold limbs and empty guts perswaded me
To lie with skin and bones. Necessary,
As cruel as *Mexentius* tyranny,
Made me commit adultery with a carcase,
A putrified Corps, a Bawd oth' Charnel-house.

But now good dust and ashes, pardon me,
These arms shall never more embrace thy corps.

Thou stewes of clay, thou mud-wall of mortality,

Go rot and moulder; and if thy impotent lust

Must needs be satisfied, know Hell is a house,

Perchance some hot-rein'd devil may undertake thee;

Ile lend a halpenny to pay *Charons* boat-hire.

No, I will now choose me a good plump Lais,
As moist as *April*, and as hot as *May*,

VVhose Damask-cheek shall make the *Roses* blush,

VVhose lips at every kisse shall strike a heat
Into my veins, breaching through all my soul

An aire as warm and sweet as the perfumes
That smoking rise from the dead *Phoenix* nest.

Now come my boon Companions,

And let us jovial be:

Though th' *Indies* be the King of *Spains*,

VVe are as rich as he.

As rich as any King of *Spain*,

In mirth, if not in wealth:

Boy fill me then a bowl of Sack,

Ile drink my Mistress health.

My Mistress is but fifteen,

Her Lips is all my blisse:

Go tell her I will come at night,

And then perceive to kisse,

You my she-Nister may go snort the while,
Or kisse your Monke. I will take my torch,

Set her on fire; and let her smoke to *Ashes*.

As. O fire, fire! shall I die no better a death than the top of *Pauls-steeple*?

Chr. Nay take heed how you set your torch too neer her; One spark will set her a flaming; for she is made up of Salt-petre, very gun-powder well dried & ready pruned, meer touch-wood; and as dry as any tavern-bush.

Nea. 'Tis true, she'll quickly take; the fire of lust

Has burnt her into tinder, some of hells brimstone,

But to make matches, and shee'll fit the Devil

For a whole tinder-box. Come my dainty Girl,

Let us be friends; why should we two fall out?

Sweet be not angry, I do love thee better
Then water-gruel: Come, let's play together.

As. Now blessing on thy heart! VVhat play shall we play, that which we plaid at t'other night?

Nea. Here, take these Nuts.

As. Alas my hony, I am past cracking.

Nea. They are to play with.

As. VVhat play?

Nea. Even or odde, guesse you.

As. VVhat shall I guesse?

Nea. How many teeth there be in thy head.

Chr. Ile guesse for her; perchance three or foure.

Nea. Then you have left, pay your nuts; she has but one,

An o're-worne grinder; 'tis a gentle beast, She has forgot to bite: Good innocent gums,

They cannot hurt; — No danger in her mouth,

Till she eat Brawn. — Her charitable tongue,

Like the old Rebels of *Northampton-shire*, Cannot endure hedges of teeth should stand To make her mouth iaclosure.

As. VVell!

An. Well fir, you may abuse me; but by Cock and Pye, (god forgive me that I should swear) were I as young as I have been, these nailes that by a good token have not been pared since eighty eight, should have scratcht your face till it had been a dominical one, and as full of red letters as any *Ponds Almanack* in Christendome, 'twere suitable to your prognosticoming Nose. I think you are mad; would any but an *Orlando* or *Jeraint* have used a poore woman so? Do you think I will endure to be your bucking-tub to be washt with the dregs of your wit?

Nea. He did you a courtesie, that would wash you soundly.

Cbr. O by no means: why she is painted Sir.

If you should wash her, then my Ladies fucus Would drop away; her *Ceruus* and *Palmarum* Being rub'd off, would to the world betray The rugged wrinkles of her flabber'd face. Take but the white-lome from this old mud-wall,

And she will look worse then *Gamaliel Ralphy*.

An. Are you a Bedlam too, old frosty Squire?

Are you fourscore, and yet your wit an infant Not come to age? Come, I will be your Guardian, *She beats him.*

Cbr. Good Mr. *Neatias*, sweet young master,

If you do not save me from this *Medusa*, Her *Gorgons* head will turn me to a Stone-bottle.

And then throw me at my self, to make me beat out my own brains.

Nea. Nay take her to your self, old impudent Goat,

To ravish a Maid before her Sweet-hearts face,

O most inhumane! Yet you may do't for me, I will resign my interest: so farewell.

Much joy unto you both. O *Hymen, Hymen*, What a fine couple of sweet Loves are here, To keep their wedding in the grave, and get A sonne and heire for Doomsday—

An. No prethee do not think so, I sweare by *Venus* I would have none but thee, though *Pegasus* and *Bucephalus* came a wooing to me.

Nea. Yes you may have him: yet I can not leave thee

VWithout a teare to quench my flames of love: *He weeps.*

VWell now farewell: live happy in his love, *Venus* and *Cupid* blesse your marriage-sheets, And let you snort this hundred yeares together.

Ile grieve the while, and Sacks best vertue try,

To drown my cares: sorrow (you know) is dry.

Cbr. Nay by *Hecate* you shall not put a trick on me thus. I have not out-lived my wits: I were mad if I would run my self into another *Scylla*, having such a dangerous *Charybdis* of my own at home. Good Mr. *Neatias*, I did not think she had been your mistresse: I will not for all the world do you such a wrong as to be your Corrivall: love her alone for me.

Nea. Yes to be dor'd. Good wickednesse, no more:

Do not intreat me to endure the noose; I shall go marry her, be the fool her husband, But you will come and kisse her; send your men,

Your Serving-men to fox me in your cellar, VWhile you the while shall cuckold me at home:

O what a brave *Alceon* should should I be! VWhat have you nere a journey-man, or Bailly To put her off to? or, if all fail, no Chaplain? I am no free-man, therefore the City-charter VWill not grant me the priviledge of such harnesse;

Pray beare your Cap of maintenance your self.

Cbr. Come leave this jesting, ile endure't no longer;

I will not let you hate this pretty Lasse. S'life it may prove her death: These wanton girls

Are very subject to eat chalk and coals. S'lid, too much grief for you, with thoughts of love,

May chance to generate the green-sicknesse in her.

Nea. Nay, I do love her dearly, wondrous dearly,

Her

Her eyes are Cupids Grubstreet: The blinde archer
Makes his love-arrows there; bright Glomworms eyes,
No rotten-wood our-shines their glorious lustre,
Faine would I kisse her.

As. Faith and thou shalt my little periwinkle.

Nea. No, heaven me blesse!

I am not worthy of such happiness.

Chr. Yet she accuses you.

Nea. How, accuses me? what hainous fault,
VVhat sinne, what sacriledge have I committed.

Against the reliquies of her martyrd beauty?

Chr. You mocked her, she sayes, you told her, The *Milesians* were valiant in the daies of yore. Faith do not hit her in the teeth with conumelious proverbs.

Nea. Hit her ith' teeth, why 'tis impossible; Hit her ith' gums we may, but no man living.

Can hit her in the teeth with any thing. Ile not fight for her, take her to your self;

Chr. Pray good sir.

Nea. I reverence your age; 'tis your gray haire

That are such potent suitors, 'twere a sinne To deny any thing to a snow-white head.

None else but only you should have obtained her;

Therefore rejoyce, be gone, and stink together.

Chr. I know your meaning, you are weary of your stale Whore, you deale with her even as they doe with horses, when they are no longer fit for the Saddle, turn them over to the Carmen.

As. I will not live with any but with thee.

Nea. But what an Assie am I thus long to talk

With an old Bawd, that lost her maiden-head

Above two thousand years before *Deucalions* flood,

Who living as long a VVhore, turn Bawd in the daies of King *Lud*?

Chr. Nay, since you have drunk of the

Wine, you must be content with the Lees.

Nea. I but her Lees are bitter, sowre as Verjuice,

Meer Vinegar, Vinegar; I will sell her For two pence a quart, Vinegar, Vinegar, in

a VVheel-barrow, I will go in & sacrifice my garland to *Plutus*.

As. Ile go in too, I have some businesse with *Plutus*.

Nea. But now I think on't, I will not go in.

As. My businesse is not much, I care not greatly,

If I stay with thee.

Chr. Come young man, be of good courage, she cannot ravish thee.

Nea. I believe that too.

As. Go in, Ile follow thee ith' heels, I warrant thee.

Chr. She sticks to him as close as a Cockle.

Nea. Come Beldame follow me,

And in my foot-steps tread.

Then set up shop in *Turnbull-street*

And turn a Bawd ere thou art dead.

And when thou art dead;

This shall of thee be said,

Thou lived'st a Whore, and died'st a Bawd,

In hell the Devil's Chamber-maid.

Act. 5. Scen. I.

Mercurius knocking.

Chr. Who's this that knocks, the doore so hard! what, no body? Can they walk invisible? Ile lay my life this is a peece of St. *Dunstons* ghost that puls me by the Nose so? Good ghost mistake me not, I am not the Devil, I am honest *Carion* every inch on me. Well, I see the doores can cry for nothing, I see no body, Ile go in again.

Mer. So ho, ho, ho, *Carion*, *Carion*, *Carion* stay, I say stay.

Car. Stay let my Nose alone, 'twill abide no jcausing; Sir, was it you, that was so sawcy with

with my masters doors to knock them for pa-
remptory: they shall bring an action of
battery against you.

Mer. If you had not come quickly, I would
have broakt them open. Go run, call forth
your master and mistress, the men and the
maids, your self, the Dog and the Bitch,
the Cat and the Kidins, the Sow and the
Pigs.

Car. My master and mistress, the bastards
their children, the men and the maids, my
self, the Dog and the Bitch, the Cat and
Kidins I will call forth: but the Sow and
Pigs would desire you to have them excused,
they are not at leisure. VVhy what's the
matter?

Mer. VVhy *Jupiter* will put you all into a
sack together, and toss you into *Barathrum*,
terrible *Barathrum*.

Car. *Barathrum*, what's *Barathrum*?

Mer. VVhy *Barathrum* is *Plutus*'s bog-
gards: you must be all thrown into *Ba-
athrum*.

Car. I had rather the messenger were you
know what. *Mercury*, why what wrong have
we done *Jupiter*? I remember he has many
a time sower'd our drink with his thundring,
but we have done him no injury, but once I
broke his shins at football in *Tuttle*.

Mer. 'Tis worse then so, yate guilty of
a sinne

That hell would fear to own. Since *Esculapins*
That thirral, restored god *Plutus* eyes,
Men have almost forgot to sacrifice;
But they were wont so offer Hasty-puddings,
Spice-cakes and many dainties; nay I know
Some that have spent whole *Hecatombs* of
Beef

To give the gods their gawdies: now they'd
be glad

To eat the very brewesse of the pottage;
A rump or flap of mutton were a fee
For *Jove*'s own breakfast; for a rib of beef,
Though it smelt of every *Gippo*'s scabby
fingers,

May any Scullion be chief Cook of heaven.
Men have I say forgot to sacrifice.

Car. And shall: Beggerly *Jove* does not
deserve it.

He never did us good: we are not beholdng
To any of your lousy gods. Old *Plutus*,
Plutus has purchased our devotion,
Gold is the Saint we reverence

Mer. Nay faith I care not for the other
gods,

Let them go stink and starve; let Cuckold
Vulcan

Go earn his mear by making spits and drip-
ping-pans,

And with his Tinkers budget and his Trull
Venus, may mend one hole and make ten
for it.

Let *Phaebus* turn VVelsch-Harper, go a
begging,

And sing *St. Tassie* for a Barley-crust.

Let *Cupid* go to *Grubstreet*, and turn Archer;
Venus may set up at *Pill-batch* or *Bloom-
bury*;

Juno turn Oyster-quean, and scold at *Billing-
gate*;

Bacchus may make a Drawer at a tavern,
Call for Canary for the man ith' moon.

Minerva has been alwayes poore: Braine-
bastards

VVere never borne to many lands. Great
Jove

May pawn his thunder-bolts for oaten-cakes.
For them I care not, but these guts of mine:
Is it not pitty *Mercury* should pierce?

Car. Nay now I see thou hast some wit in
thy *Pericranium*.

Mer. VVhilome the Ale-wives and the
fat-bum'd Hostles

VVould give me jugs of Ale without Excise,
Fill'd to the brim, no nick nor froth upon
them;

Besides they'd make me Froizes and Flap-
jacks too,

Feed me with Puddings, give me broken-
meat

And many dainty morsels for to eat.

O shall I never more begrease my chops:
VVith glorious bits of Bacon! shall *Mer-
curius*

Stretch forth his legs for want of Butter-milk!

Car. Nay this injustice thou deserv'st to see,
For injuring those that have done good for
thee.

Mer.

Mr. Alack and welladay,
Shall I never the Custard see,
Which the fourth day of every month
Was consecrate unto me?

Car. Alack and welladay,
In vain dost thou pray as I feare;
The Custard is a deaf god,
And cannot so quickly heare.

Mr. If Custard cannot heare,
Come Shoulder of mutton to me,
Black-pudding also with pudding-pie,
And a melle of Furmentie.

Car. Alack poor *Mercy*!
For thy case I do much condole.
Thou never shalt steale again any meale
Or Spitchcock at *Hocky-ul'-hole*.

Come faith, since Thieving is out of fashion,
(Dost remember when thou stolest
Apolla's Spectacles and *Vulcan's Crutches*?)
learn to beg. Suppose I am a rich Gentle-
man, and thou a lame fellow; perchance I
may be in the humour to give thee some-
thing.

Mr. Kinde Gentleman, for the Loords
like bestow something on a poor lame Crip-
ple, that has halted before his best friends
upward and downward, any time this dozen
years: this leg, ile stand to it, has been lame
ever since the last dearth of corn, god be
with it, heaven preserve your limits, *Iove* keep
your feet out oth' setters, your legs out oth'
hocks, your heads out oth' pillory, your necks
out oth' halters, and other such infirmities
poor mortality is subject to. May you never
know what 'tis to want till you are in poverty.
Good Gentlemen, take compassion on a
wretched mortal, that has been troubled
with a deadnesse in his arms, that he has not
had the lawfull use of his hands in picking
and stealing this many houres.

Car. Sirra, sirra, you must have the lash;
he have you whipt for a vagrant person.

Mr. This is a Justice of Peace's charity:
it is he that you'd be in the humour to
see, pray keep it to your self.

Car. Faith aft a poor Souldier: men are
charitable to men of arms.

Mr. A word with you generous sir, Noble
sir, thou seemest to be a man of worship, and
I am one that have seen the face of the ene-
my in my dayes, and ventred a bloody nose
in defence of my country. Good sir, lend me
a Crown till the next taking of *Rasing-bowls*,
and by all the cold iron about me, you shall
be presently paid upon the surrender. Noble
Gentleman, do not make known my ne-
cessities; I would have scorn'd to have askt
such a kindnesse of *Hopton* or *Montrose*; I
had rather have starved in the leaguer, and
fed upon nothing but sword and buckler; and
yet *Hopton* is a noble fellow, many a timber-
peece have I spent in his company.

Car. What service hast thou been in?

Mr. Hot service sir, supping at the very
mouth of the Martial porridge-pot, I have
scall'd my lips with kissing valour. Did you
never hear how I routed a Regiment of *Or-
monds Foot*?

Car. Never sir, how I pray?

Mr. Sir, by this good sword if it be not
true, I am an arrant liar, and never saw the
wars in my life. Sir, I advanced my spear,
ran with a furious tilt at them, and unhorsed
every man.

Car. Of the Regiment of Foot.

Mr. You are in the right sir, 'twas by a
metaphor. Then sir the Ensigns of my repu-
tation being displayed; a valiant French-
man, he was born at *Madrid* in *Spain*.

Car. By a metaphor.

Mr. Challeng'd me the duell at Back-
sword: we met at the first thrust of the
Rapier.

Car. By a metaphor.

Mr. He shot me clean through the body.

Car. By a metaphor still, the Rapier shot
you through.

Mr. On my credit sir, 'twas a musket-
bullet: for when the Fort saw me have the
best on't, they levell'd a Canon at me ready
charged.

Car. By a metaphor, with a musket-bullet.

Mr. And shot off both my arms. That
being done, I caught him by the throat with
my right hand.

Car. When your arms were off:
Mo. Drew our my weapon with my left,
 and cut off his head, I was proceeding to have
 run him thorow, but he askt my pardon, and
 I was mercifull and saved his life.

Car. When his head was off.
Mer. You will not believe me now, if the
 self same man be as live as I. Prince *Rupert*
 knows what service I did at *Marston-moore*
 when I run away. But now to be contemned!
 O Poverty, foe to Valour!

Car. Thy valour? Thou look'st as if thou
 hadst no stomach at all.

Mer. Would I had a roasted Oxe to en-
 counter with. I have shewed my valour in
Bohemia against the Imperialists, in *Poland*
 against the *Turks*, in *Holland* against the
Spaniards, in *Utopia* against the roundheads,
 and is it questioned in *England*? I was once
 a fresh-water souldier, but I was seasoned at
 the salt Isle of *Ree*: there was my master-
 piece of valour.

Car. What was that I pray?

Mer. Why sir, I fought courageously; I
 was in all the dangerous services, and had
 misfortunes in all. First sir, I was drowned
 in the landing, had both my Legs shot off in
 the assault, and ran away in the retreat as all
 the rest did.

Car. How? when your Legs were shot off
 in the assault?

Mer. VVhat of that? have I not VVings
 on my Loubler?

Car. VVhy then, you did not run, you did
 but flye.

Mer. Flying is running away by a Me-
 taphore.

Car. Come thou wilt get nothing by this
 lying warfare. Let me try the Gipsie.

Mer. From *Egypt* have I come
 VVith *Solomon* for my guide;
 By *Chiromanties* I can tell
 VVhat fortunes thee betide.

A *Chaldee* me begot,
 Old *Talmud* was his name;
 In Hieroglyphicks he excell'd,
 Through *Nilus* ran his fame.

Come let me see thy hand,
 Thou VVives hast yet had none;
 But Bastinadoes at a time
 About threescore and one.

He picks *Carions* pocket.

Car. VVell, thou art an arrant Gipsie: at
 what neighbours house didst thou learn this?
 S'foot, how camest thou to know it? I had just
 threescore and one indeed. VVell, I will give
 thee something: But O *Mercury*, my Purse;
Plutus his blessing is run out of my Pockets.
 I will have you hanged, you rogue. There
 were seven thirteen-pence-half-penies, would
 have paid the Hang-man for above half a
 dozen of you. Good *Mercury*, thou shalt see
 what Ile doe for thee.

Mer. VVell, if you will entertain me into
 your family, there's your Purse again, and
 take heed how you meet with Gipsies.

Car. Entertain thee? VVhy, what canst
 thou doe?

Mer. VVhy, let me be your Porter. I
 have a *Janus* heart, though not two faces.

Car. A Porter! canst thou grumble sound-
 ly at a rich mans gate to keep out the poore
 Almshim? canst thou bark like grisly *Cy-
 berus*? No, 'twill not do, my Master needs
 no surley Bandogs, we shall keep open house.
 The office of Porter is thrust out of doores.

Mer. Make me your Merchant.

Car. VVee dare not: Get you to the
 streights of *Gibraltar*, we need no busie Fa-
 ctors, we have wealth enough: we will have
 no Merchants, we shall not sleep for them at
 nights, They will dream of nothing but new
America's, drink the *Canaries*, snort out *Terra
 Incognita's*, nose the *Bermudas*, ravish
Virginia, talk of the fortunate Islands, or
 choke us up with *Terra del Fogo's*. No, no,
 I will have none of our family walk like the
Antipodes with his heels upwards; if he
 should fall headlong into heaven, he might
 put out the Man in the moon's candle, and
 leave him to finde his way to bed in the
 dark.

Mer. Let me be your Foole to make you
 merry.

Car. A Fool! Let me see: we are all rich,
 and therefore likely we must have some fool
 amongst us. But what need that, we have a
 good,

good, we have some of them that forsake favours.

Mer. Then let me be your Jugler.

Car. Not for *Zorobabels* night-cap. These *Hocus-Pocusses* seldom come aloft for their masters advantage. You think, to pick our pockets by sleight of hand, and shew us a trick for our money; I do not like these feats of activity; therefore *Proffers* be gone, we will have no Juglers.

Mer. Then let me be your Poet: I'll make you *Shewes* and *Maliques*, *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, *Pastorals*, *Piscatorial Sonnets*, *Canto's*, *Madrigals* and *Ballads*, till you are so tickled with laughter, that you cannot stand.

Car. A Poet! no, 'tis a little too beggerly a trade; and 'tis a solocisme if wit should meet with wealth in these dayes. Fie upon't, I can't endure jestings, Poetical suries, I had as lieve they should break wind backward. Your rank wits will abuse their betters. And for *showes*, rascally *showes*, 'tis pity they are not hang'd for their impudence: There cannot be a grosse sin in a Congregation, but some mens vinegar-brains must be a rubbing of it. I warrant if I should but marry a Townsmans daughter to day, they'd make an *Affair* of me by to morrow, dub me Knight of the forked Order. Poor shallow scoundrels there be, that never drank any *Helicon* above a penny a quart, and yet venture to make *Ballads* as lousie as themselves. Wry-mouth'd villains, who cannot answer to the question, if they should be asked how many of their empty Noddles go to the making up of a compleat Coxcomb. But yet I do love a show, if it be a merry one. Well, thou shalt be our household-Poet, for household-Chaplains are now out of date like old Almanacks; every man can now say grace, and preach, and say prayers to themselves, or (which is better) forget to say any at all. Well, get thee in, prepare things fitting for the sacrifice. If this fellow had not good store of trades, he had missed of all preferment. VVell now, this Poet shall make ballads on all the hypocrites of the town, he shall rime all the Anabaptists out of their wits.

Enter Attorney, Tinker, Miller, Tailor, Shoemaker, &c.

Att. O that *Plutus* his eyes were scratcht out! I can have no more Fees for *Latitars* nor *Outlawries*.

Tink. Nay, I am a Lad of metal of all that but gold and silver, can make no profit of my brasse nor Latine: there's no need of making more holes then one now, and that's a wicked one for my neck to slip into.

Miller. My double Toll fails me, O this grinds me to peeces.

Tail. O 'tis the worst stitch that was ever sowed with the needle of misfortune. O iron age, that like the Ostrich makes me feed on my own Goofe!

Shoe. O this false Cordwainer *Plutus*, that stretches the leather of my flesh on the Tree of fatality; that unmercifully puts me into the Stocks of adversity, and gives me no relief at the Last.

Tail. Nay he has made me so slender, that I can measure me by my own Yard, three quarters quarter and half nail. This crosse-leg'd infelicity, sharper then my needle, makes me eat my own Cabbage.

Shoe. Nothing but a general insurrection like a shooin-horn can draw on help. Let us combine and patch together.

Om. Agreed, agreed. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dull-pate, Salus.

It is a signe *Plutus* has lost his eyes, when *Dull-pate* grow rich: if my name had not been *Dull-pate*, I had lost half my preferment. It is thought I have as many Ecclesiastical Livings as *Spalato* had in England; Never a far Benefice falls now adays, but I catch it up. I can have 'um now without lustful Simony, in taking Bishops kinwomen into the bargain. I have often wondred how it comes about that my head is so black, but the hairs of my chin gray: A merry fellow once told me, 'twas because I used my chops more then my brains. Tis true indeed, I fare well, because I was born under a rich Constellation,

fellows, by the learned sort under a poor
Papist. As for example, here comes the
Pope, *Jupiters* Vicar. — bless thy wicked
Holiness! thou, the Devil, Cardinal *Richtieu*,
and the French faction at Court, have brought
all the wars into England.

Enter Pope Julius.

Pope. VWho can instruct me which is
Chrymstus house?

Dal. Grave reverend Father, what's the
matter with you?

Pope. How does your Holiness?

Pope. Ill as ill may be.

Dal. Since *Plutus* eye-sight is restored.

Pope. VWhat is the cause of this your hea-
viness?

Pope. Does the proud Emperor refuse to kisse
Your sacred toe? or does it vex your Bonny-
face

To lose your Peter-pence? what is the cause
Great catholique Bishop, Monarch of the
Church,

The supreme Judge Ecclesiastical,
That you are thus perplex? why do you
not curse him

VWith your Belly Book, and Candle, that
molest you?

Pope. O I am dead with hunger, a faucy
hunger,

VWith heretic as bad as *Arrianisme*,
Knaves on my sacred gus. J the great father
And Prince of Rome have not a crust,

Not a brown crust to know on. *Jovis* own
Vicar,

Nay *Jove* himself on earth, would beg on
knees

For one small peece of Sawledge. This sad
morn,

For a basill'd Sprat J paun'd my triple crown,
And now for one Red-herring will J mortgage
All *Peters* large possessions.

Dal. Aha great Pope, can your Pontifi-
cial teeth

Be glad to gnaw upon a catholique Tripe?

Can your great metropolitan stomach feed
On a Hogs-cheek? 'tis strange, me thinks,
that you

Being the universal Bishop, should not
Have one poor potredge-pot in all your
Diocese,

Never a soule in *Limbo* ready fryed?

Is all the Roast in Purgatory spent?

Are all your Bulls devoured? faith kill a
Bull,

Good Pope, a Bull, to make your Holiness
Beef.

There must be meat somewhere or other sure,
Or can you open heaven & hell at pleasure;

And cannot *Peters* Keyes unlock the Cup-
board?

Why sure our Ladies milk is not all spent.

No Reliques left, nor chips oth' Crosse to
feed on?

Sure at *Lawretta* or at *Compostella*.

None of the Capuchins at *Santiset* house?

How can it be an't please your Holiness?

Pope. O no: since *Plutus* hath received
his eyes,

Indulgencies are grown cheap, & at no price:
An absolution for a Rape made now
Is nothing worth.

Give me but one poor crust before J faint,
And J will canonize thee for a Saint.

Dal. Or let me purchase for a Mutton-
bone

Your Apostolical benediction.

Pope. A messe of Broth or rib of Beef from
thee,

In my esteem shall meritorious be.

Dal. Nay J will have it more, such a
donation

Shall be a work of supererogation.

Pope. O how J thirst!

Dal. Mi reverende Pater, cannot you
drink a cup of Holy-water?

Now you that could drink Tyber dry, and
more,

Cannot obtain a Jug upon the score.
Go try, they'll hardly trust you for a drop:
At the *Popes*-bread, Mitre, or *Cardinals*-Cap,
Or any place; tis money draws the rap.

Pope. So irreligious are these ages grown,
They think it charity to rob the Clergy.
How comes it that you dare with impudent
Deny the Priests their tithes?

Dal. O, easily sir. A learned Antiquary
that

that has searcht
The breach of *Salvator* for Antiquities;
Proves by a reason an infallible reason,
VVith bugle-horn writ in the *Saxon* tongue,
That neither prædial, nor personal tithes
Are due *ex jure divino*: and you know
The Clergie Bishops, your old *quondam* Pa-
trons
Are voted down too, and ever since we have
learned

A liberty of Conscience to pay no tithes.
We hear *Rene* teach too; they are An-
christian,
Like *Steeple-houses*; hence we learn to be
Too cunning now for your Apostolique See.

Pop. Now worms devour that Antiqua-
ries nose;

And those that preach against all *Steeple-*
houses;

That powre in papers half consumed with
Moths;

To prove some absurd opinions fain'd to be
Found in the wals of some old Nunnery;
But o my guts with for a Benedicite!

Dull. VVill please your holiness to call a
Synod?

You may chance to catch trows in the Coun-
cel of *Trem*.

Pop. O I do smel the scent of Pippin-pies.
Dull. You do indeed, your Holiness Nose

I see,
Has the true spirit of Infallibility,

I finde you cannot erre. VVhat would you do,
To be of our house now to have free-quarter?

Pop. I would resigne my right to heaven
and hell.

Dull. Ti-he-he, well said good Pope In-
nocent,

But that's too much, resign your heaven only,
Retain your right to hell; your title there

Is held unquestion'd. VVell now,
Stay here a while, sing a merry song

As we to *Plutus* go, and I will free
Thy guts from the Purgatory of fasting.

Enter Anus.

An. Is this the Pope? Goddy godden good
Father.

I do not come unto thy Holiness

To beg a Licence to eat flesh on Fridays;
But I desire thy Apostolical Curse
On a young man that has abused me grossly;
May it please thy Catholickness the perjurd
boy

Swore to lie with me while he lived; but he
Grown rich does think to buy our perjury.
Now good your Holiness give him nor abso-
lution.

Pop. VVould he were here; for three pence
I could sell him

A general remission of his sins; but he
Is almost famish'd for want of customers.

Dull. Go woman, fetch the *Quire* in for
sacrifice.

(But bid them bring no Copes nor Organs
with them.)

And I will get his Holiness to command him
To ly with thee this night what ere comes out.

It is enjoy'd him for his penance is it not?

An. It is an's please your Holiness.

Pop. Any thing shall please my holiness,
if you give me

But the least hopes to feed my Holiness;
Tis a lean Holiness, as the world goes now.

Dull. Tis strange that you the Shepherd
of all Europe,

Should not have one fat Lamb in all your
flock.

What say, if I give you a leg of Mutton?

Pope Remission of sins, whateers they be.

Dull. But what if I have sworn to give
thee nothing?

Pope My Holiness shall give thee abso-
lution,

Dull. But I did but equivocate when I
promised?

Pope Be free then from all sinfull Refe-
vation,

Dull. But what if this same Mutton have
gone through

Every Gyppo's hands?

Pope I grant it lawfull;

I do allow traditions.

Dull. VVell then, I have Remission of all
my finnes.

Pope VVith leave and pardon for all sins
hereafter.

Dull. VVhat ere they be, though I should
ravish Nuns

Under the Altar?

Pop. 'Tis a Venial sin

Dull. Or kill a King?

Pop. 'Tis meretricious

Dull. Cuckold my Father, Where my

naturall Mother

Grant the supremacy of the secular powers,

Be drunk at Masse, strip all the Feminine

Saints

Into their Smocks, laugh at a Friars bald-

crown,

Pisse in the Pike, deny your mysteries,

Que-lie your Legend, get Pope *Jane* with

childe,

Eat flesh in Lent, sit off my Confessors Ears,

Or any sin, as great as your own Holiness,

Or any of your Predecessors acted.

Pop. A leg of Mutton wipes all sins away,

So good a deed will justify.

Dull. Swear then.

Pop. I swear and grant it *sub sigillo Pif-*

catoris,

Dull. A pox upon *Sigillum Piscatoris,*

Send it to *Turmouth,* let it fish for Herrings.

Swear, I say, that is, kisse my Imperial shoe,

As Emperours do yours.

Pop. I am *Servus servorum*, your servants

servant.

Sans complement, like *Ham* —

O that this leather of thy shoe, this leather

Could be made flesh by Transubstantiation!

I would not only kisse but eat thy Toe.

Dull. Moreover you shall swear that once

a year

I shall have entire power to forgive sins

To my Comrades.

Pop. As much as I my self;

I swear, and kisse your Holiness toe.

Dull. And that when I doe knock at hea-

ven gates,

The Porter let me in for nothing. Swear a-

gain.

Pop. Again I swear, by this sweet kisse he

shall.

Dull. Well, tis sufficient, I will pay your

Ordinary.

Enter Quire.

Here comes the Quire prepare your voice and

sing.

The Round-heads will not come, cause the

Pope's here.

Pop. O fratres nostri ventres sunt repleti,

For empty maws are never truly sati:

To feed on meats, and drink of potionibus,

Isch' onely Physick for devotionibus.

Om. Benedixit Esculapius.

Pop. Cheese-cakes and Cuffards, and such

good *placenta's,*

Excel Good-fridaies, Ember-weeks & Lenta's

When belly's full, we'll go to the *Cloisteribus*

To kisse the Nuns and all the *Mulieribus.*

Om. Benedixit, &c.

Pop. I do not think you hold him for sinner,

Whose best devotion tends unto his dinner:

One glasse of Sack, or cup of stappy *Alibus,*

More vertue has then all our *Decretalibus.*

Om. Benedixit, &c.

Pop. I had rather eat a meal then tell a story,

Of *limbo patrum* or of Purgatory;

No blessings like the pleasure of the *Tasibus,*

No reliques holier then the Venison *Pastibus.*

Om. Benedixit, &c.

Pop. These are the Prayers, devotions and

delights

Of Cardinals, Popes, Friars and *Jesuita's.*

Their break-fasts are their *Mattins* holy

religibus,

Their Vespertines are eating beef & *velibus.*

Om. Benedixit, &c.

Pop. Come *sivales & sorores per presentes,*

Let us go in to exercise our *dentis,*

Where we will sit with you and your *uxo-*

vibus,

To laugh at all these hungry *audiensibus,*

Om. Benedixit, &c.

Exeunt omnes.

Act. 5. Scen. ult.

Enter Plutus, bringing a Letter.

I came into *England* but since this Parliam-
ent sate, (the plunderers) I thank them
brought me hither) and I think I have had
about 100000. suiters at least: nay, some
great men have been ambitious to proffer me
their daughters to marry. They indeed be
great

great ones, but I only look after Honesty now
I have got my eye-sight. Never did gudgeons
at a mill-tail more greedily bite the bait, then
some of 'um after me. Had I had the Palsie,
Sciatica, Cough, Ague, Feaver, French pox,
and a whole cart-load of diseases, (as I have
the Gout already, because I am rich) they
would have taken me with all my faults.
England (I see) is a covetous place. This
morning I have received no lesse then forty
letters to the same purpose. Above all, one
Mrs. *Maria Carombona Butto Fusco* woe
me; as sure as can be a Venetian Curtez
bred up in *London*, an arrant whore. Here's
her Letter. *A Plauto Gentilhomme d'Inghil-*
terra de bona gratia, Maria butta suocca
and so forth. A pox take her! I have forty
more of them in my pocket. But there is one
Mrs. *Honesty Clean*, an honest Scriveners
daughter, ('tis strange they have any thing
to do with Honesty, I warrant she'll not live

long) she is the mistress of my affections;
for she is honest. See here she comes.

Enter Mrs. Honesty.

Fair Lady, fairer then the morning-skies,
Hath not young *Cupid* toucht your amorous
eyes?

I am all for golden Verses gratulation,
But must not passe by courteous salutation.

They kisse.

Hon. Sir, if I may confesse, Loves art
Not only toucht my eyes, but heart.

Plut. Nay then the Parson straight shall
do his part,

Let's in; the Gordian knot none can untie,
We'll tie it fast, and as we go we'll kisse.

In any state never will be foul weather,
When *Honesty* and *Riches* meet together.

Exeunt.

The Epilogue.

Old Wealth (you see) with Honesty and
Piety

Is joynd in league for mutual society.

O would it were the blessing of our Nation,

They might have issue too by procreation!

But sure the Bride's past child-bearing; that's
the reason

So few are honest in this age and season.

If't be a stolen match, Piety must be taxt;

'Tis certain true, the Banes were never ax't,

For be that joynd their hands (for ought I
heare)

He was a very honest Cavalier;

He us'd the Ring and Book, went not by
heart,

But joynd them word for word, Till death
depart.

Full resolute, without Fess, to tie the noose;

He had lost his Benefice, he had no more to lose.

I know there's many waggish Pates joyne
force

To part this couple by a sad divorce;

We hope 't will not be granted by Petition

At th' Arches, Doctors Commons, or High-
Commision:

~~But~~ do verily think there's no intent

To sever them by this our Parliament.

Therefore God give 'um joy! Joy may they
find!

This is the wish of every vertuous mind.

But wicked Rascals sing another Catch;

Pox take 'um both! 'Tis an unlucky match.

It is indeed for them, because 't will serve

To send their Erats to Tyburn, or to sterve.

well Passy is good physick. Honest guests

We only bid to these our Nuptial feasts.

Offerings to th' rich are base: yet we demand

That you pay down a Plaudite at hand.

FINIS.